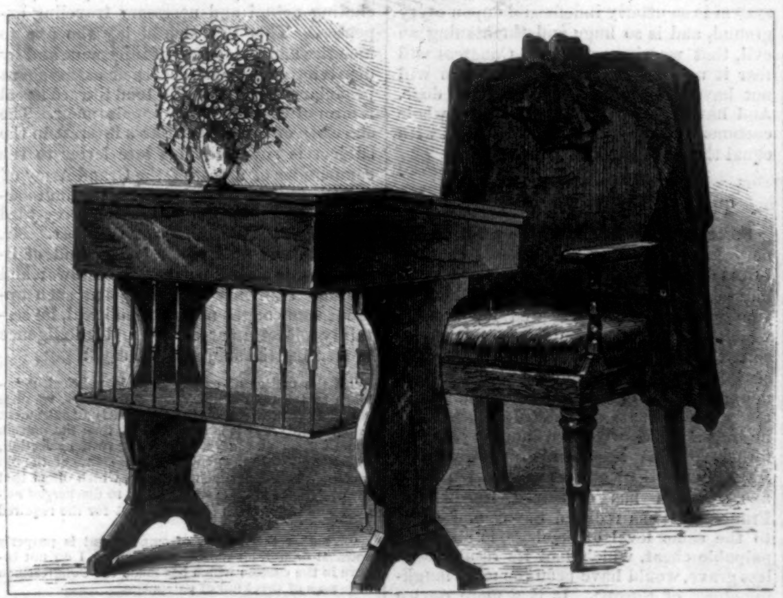
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 901.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

CHARLES SUMNER.

No event since the assassination of President **LINCOLN** has more deeply touched the heart of the American people than the death of **CHARLES SUMNER**, and nowhere was this feeling more expressively shown than at Washington. When the body of the deceased Senator was removed, on Monday, March 16th, from his residence to the Rotunda of the Capitol, the streets were filled with thousands of people, moved not by curiosity, but by a deep and sincere grief. No pomp, civic or military, attended the removal of the remains, but it was a touching spectacle when three hundred colored men, moved by a common impulse to do honor to one who had done so much for their race, joined the procession as it left the house, and wound its way through the streets to the Capitol. A large crowd of people had already assembled there when the procession arrived. Black drapery had been hung over each entrance to the Rotunda, upon the main columns that support the main portico of the Capitol, over the entrances to the Senate-chamber, around the galleries in the hall, along the corridor leading to the east door of the Senate wing, and upon the columns of its front. Mr. **SUMNER**'s chair in the Senate-chamber was hung with crape, and a modest bouquet of delicate white flowers and violets was upon his desk.


THE VACANT CHAIR.—[DRAWN BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

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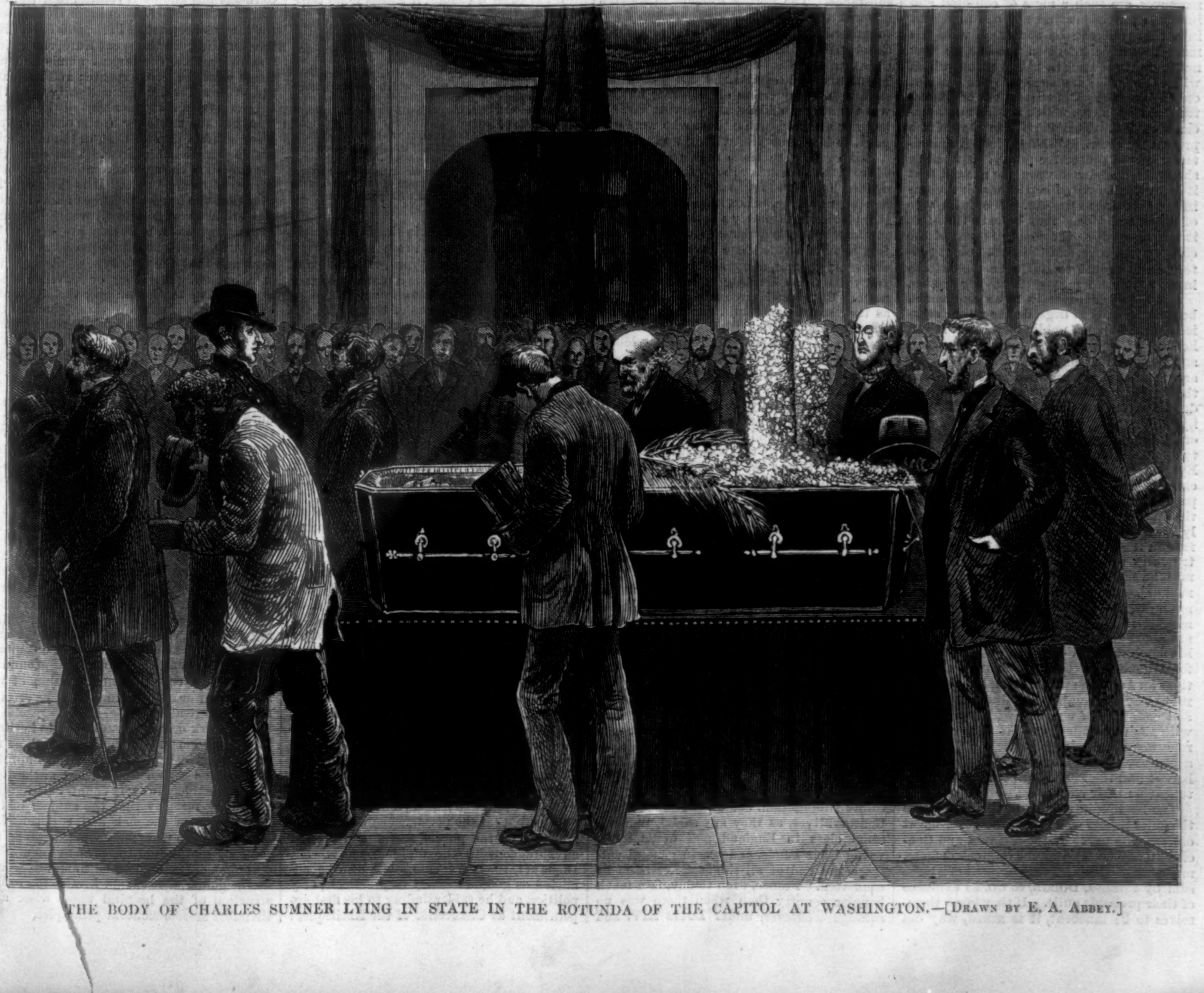
The service was simple but impressive, consisting of reading appropriate passages of Scripture and prayer by the chaplain of the Senate. The coffin, which had been brought in from the Rotunda, was then removed, followed by the committees appointed by the Senate and House to accompany the remains to Boston. The coffin was placed on board of a special train, which started at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Our illustrations on page 292 represent the scene at the death-bed of Mr. **SUMNER**, the procession leaving the house when his body was taken to the Capitol, and the library, which, as our sketch will show, is adorned with paintings, engravings, statues, casts, and tasteful specimens of ornamental art. The room opening from the library is the dining-room. Above the library is the study, where the Senator was wont to pass much of his time. Opening from the study is the room in which Mr. **SUMNER** breathed his last, and whence his body was carried to the Rotunda.


THE BODY OF CHARLES SUMNER LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.]

"THE MENAGERIE."

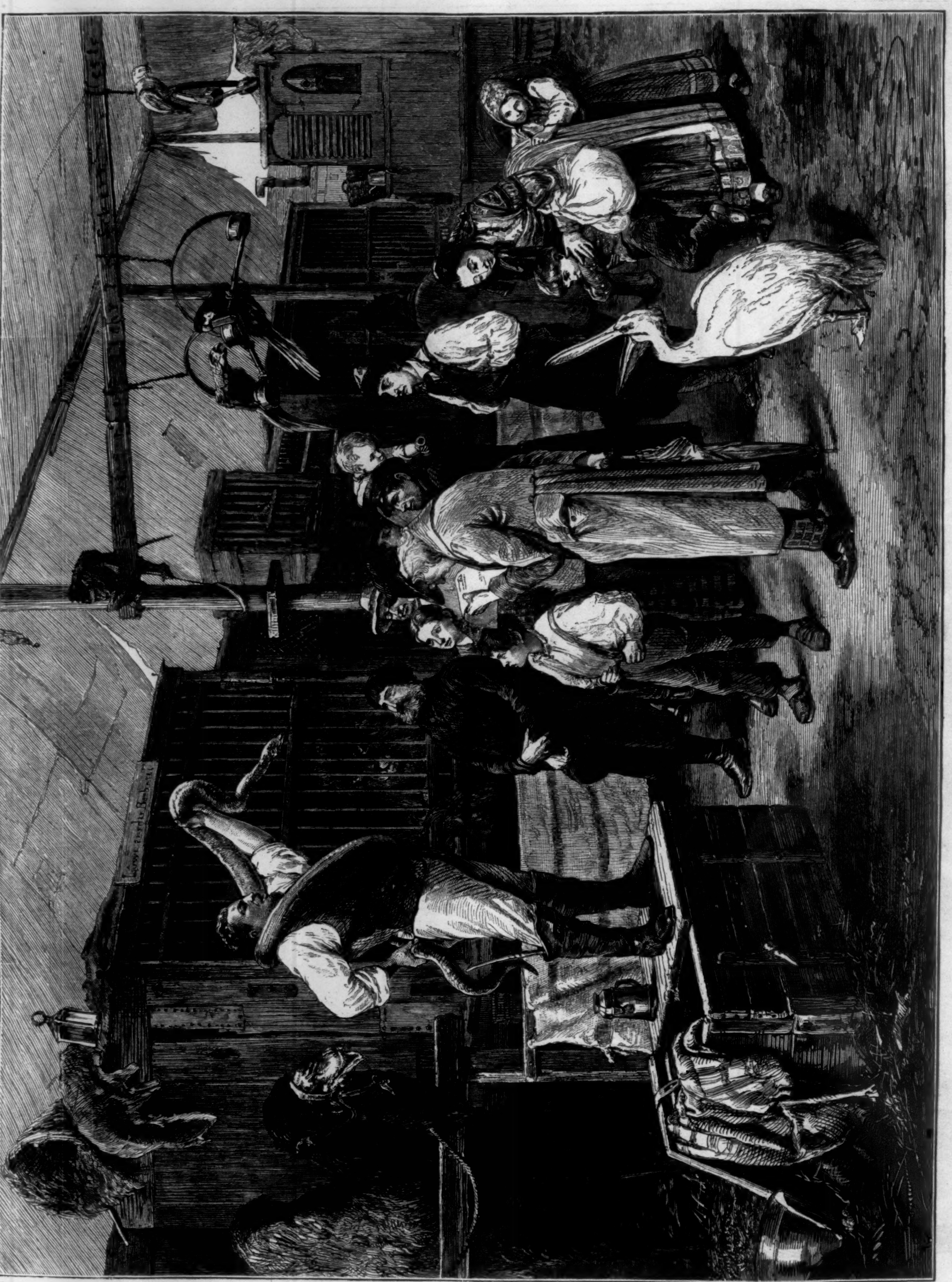
The advent of a traveling menagerie, or caravan, as it used to be called in this country, is always a great event in a village. Its approach has been heralded for several days by flaming posters on the road fences and in the bar-room of the village tavern; and when the happy day arrives the juvenile part of the population is up before daybreak to run a mile or two to meet the long train of mysterious-looking cage-wagons, the gilded chariot for the band drawn by splendidly caparisoned horses, and to march into town with the elephant and the camels. With what excitement the pitching of the white tents on the village common is watched! It is a general holiday. The district school-house shows an array of empty benches, chores are slighted, and even the noonday meal has no attraction for the eager crowd that, hungry but expectant, sees the tall tent-pole slowly raised, and the wide canvas spread. Dealers in gingerbread, cakes, cider, and lemonade drive a thriving business with those who have a few extra pennies to spend; and the side-shows, where some itinerant conjurer displays a few poor tricks, or the learned pig, or two-headed calf, or some similar monstrosity is exhibited, attract their share of patronage.

But the grand rush comes in the afternoon, when the great tent is opened, and the exhibition begins. What wonders are displayed on every side! There are tigers and leopards from India, lions from Africa, monkeys from South America, parrots from Mexico, and strange and curious creatures from all parts of the world. The spectators pass from one cage to another, sometimes shrinking back from the angry growl and fierce glare of the restless lion or tiger, laughing at the antics of the monkeys, those horrible caricatures of humanity, or lingering with pleased curiosity about the cages that hold the wonderfully plumaged Southern birds. The "performing beasts" attract attention; the "lion-king," armed only with a whip, boldly enters a cage containing trained lions and tigers, makes them leap about him like kittens, and ends by pulling open a lion's massive jaws and putting his head into the creature's mouth.

Our picture represents a German menagerie. As will be seen, it is very much like the shows that make periodical visits to our own villages.

LIFE-BOAT AT A WRECK.

Our double-page engraving shows the manner in which life-boats go to the relief of vessels wrecked on the Goodwin Sands or on the sands at Yarmouth. The life-boat is anchored and allowed to drift to leeward, when those on the wreck are transferred by means of ropes or such other appliances as may be available at the time. The sketch from which our engraving was made was taken near Yarmouth during a recent severe gale, and represents a scene actually witnessed by the artist, who went out in the life-boat to see how the feat was accomplished. Notwithstanding the heavy sea, the transfer of all the people on the wreck was successfully made to the life-boat, and they were all carried safely into the harbor.



"THE MENAGERIE."—[From a Painting by Paul Meyerheim.]

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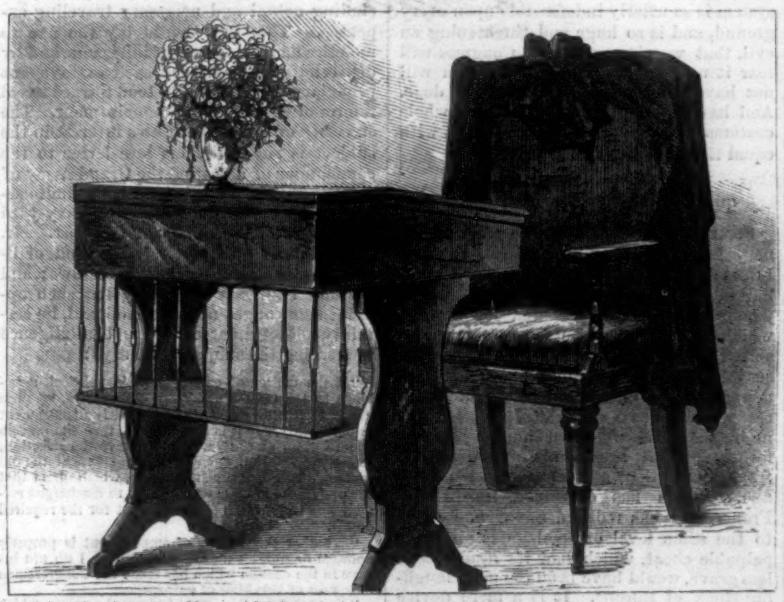
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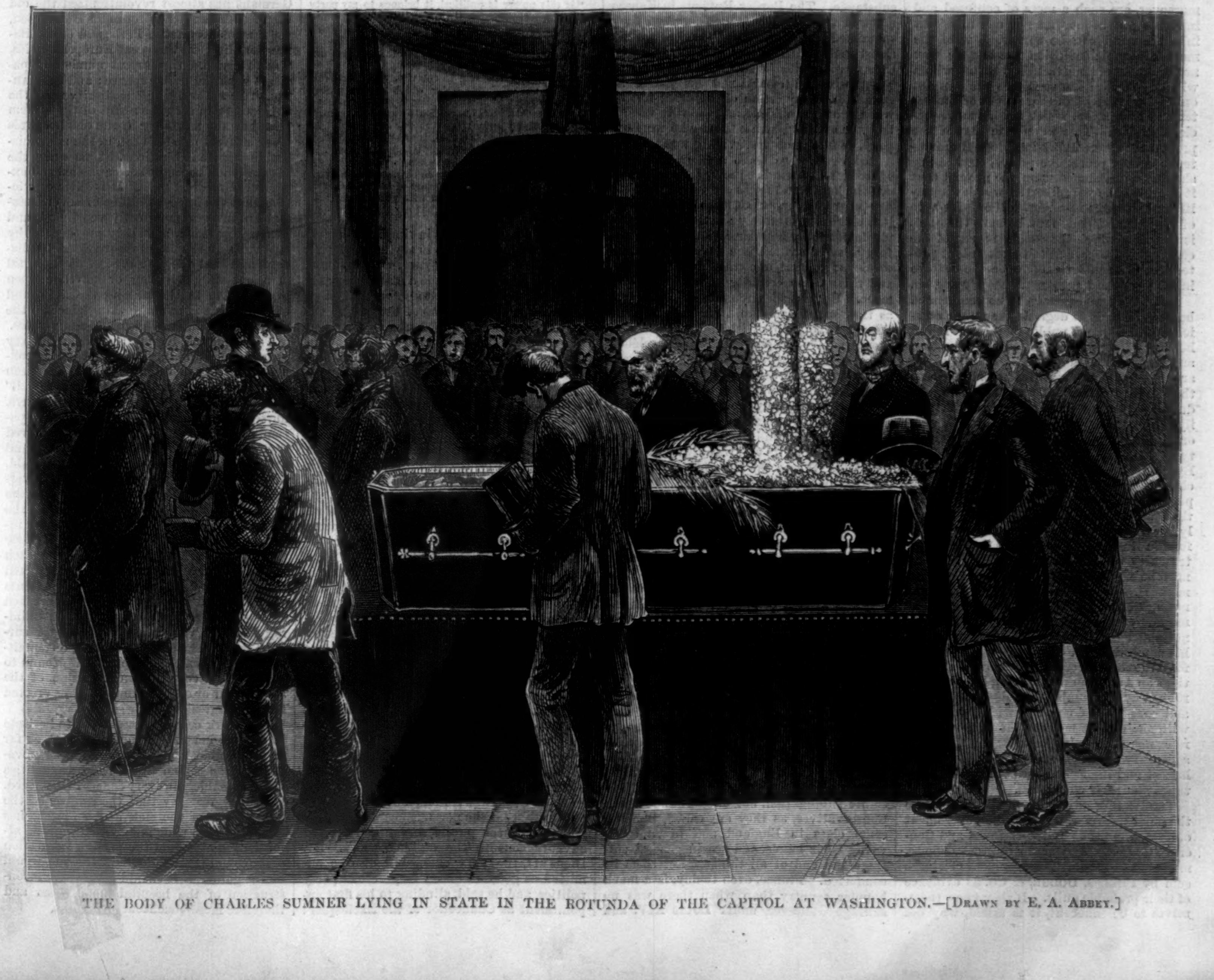
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Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage prepaid, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 4, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a magnificent picture by Cary, *showing a combat between two huge buffalo bulls, and an interesting series of Sketches in the far West.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A MONSTROUS LAW.

We hope that Congress will not suppose that the interest in the enormity of the moiety system is confined to the newspapers or to the mercantile community. It is a subject of constant private comment, and the sense of indignation and shame is universal. That American citizens should be subjected to such outrages by American law is humiliating. It is, indeed, urged that the system is very old; but the antiquity of an abuse is the weakest argument for its continuance, while the fact is that some of the worst parts of the law are new, and when fairly presented to the public mind, as they have recently been, and fully understood, the whole scheme is repudiated by a just and manly instinct. The radical vice of the moiety system is obvious. It breeds spies, and makes the gain of the chief officers of the revenue depend upon the violation of the laws which it is their duty to enforce. It becomes their interest to connive at frauds and evasions, and to procure them. The system is but one illustration of the crude and unjust views upon which the whole structure of protective laws is reared. Our customs laws assume that great merchants are great rascals, and make honest traders pay for the offenses of dishonest or incompetent officers. Those laws, moreover, are such a mass of confused and intricate provisions that not one merchant in a thousand can be sure that, with the most honorable intention possible, he may not be guilty of some technical offense which will expose him summarily to the loss not only of great sums of money, but of character and reputation, which are his most precious capital. This is so true that if the present laws were indispensable to the maintenance of a protective policy, that policy should be abandoned upon the ground that it annulled the very liberties which the tariff tax is levied to protect. The Committee of Ways and Means may be sure that this is the view which the common-sense of the country will take, and the most ardent protectionists should therefore be the first to insist upon the repeal of the moiety system.

But the system is most to be condemned because it tends to degrade the public service and to debauch public morality. It is a hot-bed of deceit and perjury, of suspicion and fraud. The most fatal and convincing argument against Jesuitism in England was that under the mask of piety and religious duty it placed a spy in the bosom of the family. No man or woman felt safe whose wife or husband tolerated a confessor. The moiety system fosters the same kind of suspicion. Every clerk may be an informer, and the merchant knows it. The government stealthily puts its hand into every counting-room, as the Church through its agents surreptitiously knew every secret of the household. The foreign trade of the country is enveloped in treachery and doubt and fear. And what must be the necessary effect upon the young men exposed to such influences? There is not a principle of private honor or of public morality, and therefore security, which does not abhor the system; and Mr. Schultz, in his admirable and conclusive statement before the committee in Washington, mentions an American who, having been heavily robbed by these unjust and despicable laws, and conscious of no other wish than to act with the utmost honor, went to live in Europe, not wishing longer to be the citizen of a country whose laws deliberately robbed honest and innocent men both of their fortunes and their characters.

The leading advocates of the system are the chief informer, a few of the government officers who profit by the seizures, and General Butler. And as an indirect defense, much has been said of the payment of a large sum by Phelps, Dodge, & Co. as evidence of their probable guilt. If they knew themselves to be innocent, it is asked, why did they consent to pay—why did they not go into court and test it to the last? Good reasons are obvious, but one alone is enough. They knew that they were morally innocent, but they could not know that they were not technically liable, for the law presumes irregularity to be fraud, and confiscates a whole invoice for one wrong detail. Nothing is easier, as Mr. Schultz shows, than for an unscrupulous informer seizing books and papers fatally to wound the credit of a mercantile house, and to terrorize it completely. It was under this very intelligible terror that Phelps, Dodge, & Co. paid. As another element of terror, it is confessed that private and personal papers were seized in the raid upon their house. Some of them were destroyed by the spies. But of what secrets might not such men become possessed by such seizures, and what sums to secure them might not often gladly be paid! In this view the seizure becomes a monstrous system of blackmailing. Indeed, the system is so utterly indefensible upon every ground, and is so huge and threatening an evil, that we sincerely trust Congress will tear it up by the roots. The session will not have been lost if this alone be done. And having swept it away, let the whole customs revenue system be overhauled with equal thoroughness and rigor.

THE "PLÉBISCITE" TRICK.

Some of the courtiers of the most mercenary and vulgar of despotisms, that of Louis Napoleon in France, met at Chiselhurst on the nineteenth birthday of his son, who read a speech prepared for him, in which he said, "Despite the confidence inspired by the loyalty of M'Mahon, an irresistible current of public opinion has pronounced in favor of a plebiscitum. I am ready to accept its verdict." In these words he repeats the wretched humbug of his father. "The Napoleonic universal suffrage," wrote Edward Freeman, ten years ago, "which has destroyed freedom in France, and has reduced Savoy and Nizza to the same level of bondage, is simply a palpable cheat, which, had its results been less grave, would have been the mere laughing-stock of Europe. It is a mere device to intrap a whole people into giving an assent to proposals which would not be assented to by their lawful representatives." It is simply a trick by which the forms of popular government are turned against its substance. The Border Ruffians in Kansas adopted the Napoleonic system when they submitted the question of the Lecompton Constitution with slavery, or the Lecompton Constitution without slavery. When Louis Napoleon had established his power he submitted the question of emperor; but he was the only candidate, and the vote was all in favor of him, because those who were opposed to him knew that voting was useless.

But even were there a fair alternative offered, the system is equally futile. Without the habits and forms of free institutions, a popular vote, or, as Louis Napoleon called it, a plébiscite, is merely a muzzle of the people imposed by popular consent. Preparatory to such a vote there have been no discussions; there is, of course, no self-reliance, and there is no confidence in the government. Under such circumstances men vote as they are directed, and the result shows not what the people wish, but what the authorities have decided. In France a plébiscite was held whenever the Emperor chose, and when every thing had been prepared. The government was not periodically and regularly renewed by the popular vote; and as the executive was permanent, and commanded the army and the police and silenced the press, and as its will was always known, the plébiscite was the mere pretense of ratification of its purpose, the few opposing votes serving only to show the hostility that could not safely declare itself. It was this miserable duplicity, this method of strangling liberty with its own hands, that made the reign of Louis Napoleon so revolting to every generous and loyal mind. Like father, like son. The Napoleonists think that the French people could be managed again, and they crowd to Chiselhurst, say mass, and make the youth, of whom nothing is known but that he is the son of Louis Napoleon, declare that he will abide by the plébiscite.

But M'Mahon, with his present term of power, is not likely to wish any change of the existing situation. His ministers, who show a Bourbon blindness, seem determined to try to make water run up hill. They are planning to reduce the suffrage. But this can be done by conquest and absolute subjugation, not otherwise. French Conservatives, as they are called, like the same class in England and in America, wring their hands, and see in general suffrage the end of all things. Let them be comforted. France, even to-day, is a much happier country than when there was no suffrage whatever, under Louis XIV. and the Regency and Madame Dubarry, or when, under Louis Philippe, there were hundreds of thousands of placemen, and among thirty-four millions of citizens a quarter of a million of voters. The remedy for the inconvenience lies exactly the other way. It is not in abolishing the suffrage; it is, first, in enlightening it by education, and second, in securing the best result from it by electing few officers. The republic in France is unfortunate in having few trusty and able representatives, but not more so in that respect than the empire and the kingdom.

MR. WOODFORD AND REFORM.

Mr. Woodford, of New York, has been directed by the Civil Service Committee of the House to report a bill forbidding any officer of the United States to receive any money or property of the United States, except a salary to be fixed by law, including actual and necessary traveling expenses. This bill should lay the axe to moieties and the system of informers, and by depriving many offices of their extravagant pecuniary value, it would tend toward a real reform of the method of appointment. The sincerity of Mr. Woodford's interest in the subject is shown by his late letter to the commander of a post of the Grand Army of the Republic, who had written to him to secure employment in the Brooklyn Navy-yard for one of the members of the post. Mr. Woodford states precisely the kind of illicit power which patronage bestows; and without expressly declaring that such appointments ought not to be political, he certainly shows great candor and intelligence in treating the subject. He says:

> "If the matter of employment is political, it belongs to the County and Ward Committees, who are charged with the responsibility of party management in our county. If it is not political, then the officers and foreman at the yard should have the selection, under and within the general requirements of the old executive and departmental orders, which direct that the preference in all cases be given to discharged soldiers and sailors who are competent for the required duties.
>
> "Whether this matter of employment is properly political or not, let me frankly say that I do not believe in the custom which has made the Congressman dispenser of this kind of patronage.
>
> "You must see that, were I to use the power, which custom seems to have permitted to the Congressmen from Brooklyn, of myself selecting and placing in the yard my own special adherents, I might possibly be able to pack the yard, control the primaries, and thus by patronage perhaps coerce the next nominating convention.
>
> "If this power is political, it belongs to my party and its organization, not to myself nor to my office as Congressman. If it is a matter of practical business management and efficient public service, then it belongs to the responsible officials in the yard, unhampered by Congressional dictation.
>
> "Thoroughly believing in the wisdom, justice, and policy of the executive order which directs preference to be given to honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, I have done my very best to secure its uniform application and enforcement in our navy-yard. As thoroughly believing that the Congressman should not interfere in the yard in behalf of special cases, and thus by interference possibly prejudice even more deserving cases, and certainly embarrass and hamper the responsible officers in charge of the yard, I have been compelled, though often with pain, to say 'no' to such requests as yours."

There is a quiet satire in the doubt which Mr. Woodford suggests in saying that "if" employment in the navy-yard, which is paid for by the public money, is a matter of practical business and efficient service, it belongs to the responsible officers of the yard. Of course there is no more doubt that it is so than that it is not considered to be so. The movement of the laborers in navy-yards and upon many of the public works depends very much upon the exigencies of elections, just as the higher positions are treated not as matters of efficient service, but of personal politics. Mr. Simmons may prove to be a good Collector of Customs in Boston, but he was appointed primarily not to do the work of the United States, but that of an individual.

The folly of the assertion that this system of prostituting the public service to party or personal ends is necessary in a free country and to a government by party is illustrated in England, where party feeling is quite as warm as it is here, and party discipline very much more rigorous. A recent article in the *Quarterly Review* calls in question the competitive system as a satisfactory method of determining appointments; but with whatever justice that method may be attacked, no sound political thinker would seriously advocate the system of patronage. It is in this article, or in some notice of it, that the assertion is made that "practical" statesmen favor a service founded upon patronage, and which sweeps every body out with every change of administration. Earl Grey was a tolerably practical statesman, and a great Whig leader; but he said emphatically that the permanence of the great majority of the public servants was most advantageous to the public service. Mr. Disraeli, the Tory chief, will also be admitted as good authority in practical party politics, and he said, alluding to his first appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer: "When I went to the Treasury the principal permanent civil servants of the crown were all men of even extreme Liberal opinions. They had been appointed by the previous Government, and, of course, they were in their opinions hostile to our Government; but I treated them with implicit confidence, and they served me with the greatest zeal and fidelity—I may say even with devotion. The permanent civil officers did their duty cordially and completely, and they would do their duty cordially and completely to-morrow if there were a change of government." And last autumn, upon the retirement of Mr. Hammond, who had been for nineteen years the highest permanent officer in the British Foreign Office, and an officer of incalculable value, the London *Telegraph* said, "A Liberal clerk in the Treasury, happening to be a freeholder of Buckinghamshire, might vote at every election against Mr. Disraeli without in the least endangering his own post on the accession of that gentleman to power; in fact, so obviously is this the case that the statement of it has a commonplace and almost ludicrous effect." This is invaluable testimony against the single objection that subordinates of different opinions from the Administration would hinder and perplex the government. The history of our own War-Office during the war and under Mr. Stanton would confirm this view.

Mr. Woodford's letter shows so clear a perception of the folly of our present system that we hope, should the majority of the committee report so preposterous a method of appointments as that suggested by Mr. Smart, to have from Mr. Woodford an energetic protest upon grounds both of the Constitution and of common-sense.

OLD AND NEW HOSPITALS.

The recent report of the special committee of the State Charities' Aid Association, which is composed of some of the best-known public-spirited and intelligent men and women in the city, with the Rev. Dr. Potter as chairman, deserves very careful consideration. The subject of the report is the old Bellevue Hospital and the question of the erection of a new one; and there is none of the many topics with which social science, in its large and humane sense, deals upon which more light has been recently thrown than that of hospital building. The experience of our war and that of the French and Germans has almost revolutionized the old theories. The chief object in the Hôtel-Dieu, the famous hospital in Paris, and other similar buildings in the great European cities, was to combine the largest number of patients with the least expense; and Dr. Harris, of New York, a high authority upon the subject, states that the result of the system was that the mortality in the old hospitals was threefold greater than in the most miserable private habitations. This is now the conclusion of the most accomplished and experienced medical men. It is their conviction that the huge buildings of several stories are always imperfectly ventilated, and generate pyæmia, a malady propagated by the walls of old hospitals poisoned by disease, and that the true type of the hospital is a one-story building or pavilion open every where to the air and the light, and offering no ambush and lurking-place for the accumulated disease-poisons of many years.

The Bellevue Hospital was built sixty years ago, as an almshouse, and it was connected with a penitentiary. It has been often poisoned by malignant typhus or "jail" and other fevers, often fatal to keepers, nurses, and physicians, as well as to the patients. In 1848 the almshouse was removed from the grounds of the present hospital, and unfortunately much of the ground was sold. Since that time it has been constantly overcrowded, and although about fifteen years since the old building was "renovated," the addition of a wing and of a third story interfered with proper ventilation. In 1869 the mischiefs arising from pyæmia were such that a small wooden building was erected for acute surgical cases, but fever patients were crowded into it, so that it was ruined for surgical purposes. Thus the old building has been virtually condemned for surgical uses. The suggestion of the committee is that upon the proposed new ground to be made by covering an extension of the sewers four or six pavilions shall be erected for the surgical cases.

New York certainly ought not to hesitate in making her most famous hospital, so far as practicable, a model of all the improvements upon which the highest authorities upon the subject in every country are agreed. It is only recently that the subject of the public care of the sick and suffering has commanded so wide and sympathetic an attention; and should the present suggestion of the committee be adopted, humanity would be the gainer, if it should lead to the reconstruction of the hospital upon wiser and therefore more beneficent principles.

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The proposition in the New York Legislature to give the appointment of the Superintendent of Public Instruction to the Board of Regents of the University, and the opposing resolution to abolish the Board of Regents, are the signs, annually renewed, of a contest which can have but one end, and that will be the recognition of one authority to manage all the relations of the State to education. At present that authority is divided. The Board of Regents is the State Board of Education for colleges and academies, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction is that board for the common schools. The result is incessant friction and uncertainty, and the annual attacks upon both. In the Constitutional Convention of 1867 the Committee on Education reported an article which superseded both of the existing authorities, and established a single board; but the article was not adopted, and the old system continues. The only assertion that we have ever heard which has the air of a reason for this divided authority is that if the college and academy interests were intrusted to the same authority which has charge of the great popular system of common schools, the interests of the higher establishments would be slighted, and the number of academies, indispensable in the rural districts, where the population is insufficient for union schools, would be reduced. But this objection assumes that the proposed board would be unfit for its duties, and that the continuance of all the academies is necessarily more desirable than the multiplication of union schools—both of which assumptions are unfounded.

There has always been a great deal of fun poked at the Board of Regents as a venerable, high-stepping, and utterly futile and useless body. But very few persons who laugh at them have any knowledge of their duties. Those duties, however, are important. The Regents charter colleges and academies, and all such institutions report to them annually. They distribute among the academies the money which the State directs to be given for that purpose, and upon conditions and according to an examination prescribed by the Regents. They are the trustees of the State Library, and of the State collections of natural history and science. And with the exception of their necessary traveling expenses, and moderate salaries for the two or three officers who superintend the routine work and the correspondence, which is immense and elaborate, the Regents cost the State nothing whatever. We doubt if any equal amount of money is disbursed for the State with more scrupulous care, intelligence, fidelity, and economy than that which is intrusted to the Board of Regents. They are elected by the Legislature like Senators of the United States, and they serve for life, but the seat of a Regent may be declared vacant by the board if he absents himself from the meetings for a year. The Regents are nineteen in number, and the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction are members *ex officio* of the board.

The practical question presented by the pending proposition to give the Regents the appointment of the Superintendent is, whether they are more likely than the Legislature to select a proper person. And of that there would seem to be no question. Many of the most powerful but illicit arguments that affect a caucus would have no weight whatever with such a board, while the concentration of responsibility would compel a scrutiny of the real fitness of candidates which no caucus could possibly give. Moreover, the board itself is always under the control of the Legislature, and if any change in its constitution were shown by experience to be desirable, it could be readily made. The question whether it might not be better to abolish both the Board of Regents and the Superintendency of Instruction in order to appoint a new board involves the further and very important question, whether a better board for the purpose is likely to be selected than that which already exists. However this may be, there is no doubt that the divided care of the State relations to education should cease.

A STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature authorizing the appointment by the Governor of "four physicians of skill and experience, who shall have been regular graduates of medicine of not less than ten years," and who are to be selected from the judicial districts, allowing one physician to every two districts, for which he shall be a Sanitary Commissioner, and the four, with the Attorney-General, the Comptroller, and the State Engineer, are to be the State Board of Health. The duty of the board will be to collect sanitary information of every kind, to communicate it to all local boards, and to require sanitary reports from all hospitals, asylums, prisons, schools, etc., and to advise local authorities. There are other duties, and, in fact, the board will have extensive powers, and the conditions of the appointment should therefore be closely scanned.

Now a few weeks ago there were two medical Commencements in the city of New York in regularly chartered medical schools, at which numbers of young men were regularly graduated. One of these regular schools is known as homeopathic, and the other as allopathic. The medical practice of the State, especially in the large cities, where so much of the observation of the board must be made, and to which that observation should be so practically valuable in results, is divided between these two systems. A very considerable proportion of the most intelligent and of the richest class of citizens in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, for instance, prefer the homeopathic practice to the allopathic. Yet, as we have before stated, the feeling between "the schools" is often much more rancorous than that between different religious sects; and it is evident that the usefulness of the board would be vitally impaired if the Governor should appoint its members entirely from one of the schools. Should there be a succession of Governors who preferred the homeopathic practice, the board would be constituted wholly in that interest; and were they of allopathic sympathies, the same difficulty would arise upon the other side. Of course the claim of the allopathic school to be "regular," to the exclusion of others, is of no more importance than that of the Church of Rome to be the only true Christian Church. A school of medicine legally chartered is a regular school. To avoid the obvious difficulty, we hope that the bill will be so amended as to provide that the appointments shall not all be made entirely from physicians of one only of the two great modern schools of practice.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XI.

To wander at Christmas amidst a land of flowers, to scent the fragrance of hedge-rows blossoming with myrtle and laurustinus, with roses blooming in sheltered nooks, and the wall-flower and the coronilla filling the terraced gardens with a gentle fragrance, with daisies and white asters clinging to the hill-sides, and winds soft as the breath of April playing over still waters and the bright green fields, are among the rare privileges of this fortunate island; and in the bays and inlets of Southwestern England winter seems to forget its terrors, and a perpetual spring-time haunts the icy latitude of Labrador. One of the most charming of these northern oases in the realm of ice and snow is found in the quiet scenery of Torbay. While nearly all the rest of the island is covered with sharp frosts and chilling mists, while over France and Holland arctic winter prevails in all its rigors, by some mysterious influence the shores of Devon are always green, and its gardens bloom with the flowers of May. And of all Devonshire Torquay and its neighborhood, at the extremity of Torbay, have the softest and mildest climate. It is the custom of the English to flock to the sea-side in the depth of winter. The pleasant inlet of Torbay, surrounded on all sides with villas, castles, towns, and villages, is always thickly peopled at Christmas.

It is a capacious harbor, guarded by two bold headlands, and so deep and broad as to contain the great fleets that during the Napoleonic wars watched over the coasts of England, and sallied forth to sink the proud armadas of France. But to-day its tranquil waters rest in a peace that might seem to have been perpetual. Commerce seldom invades its rare repose. Not even a passing steamer disturbs the silent bay. It is now wholly given up to fishermen. In its secure shelter every kind of fish swarms and multiplies, from the cod to the turbot, and a fleet of fishing smacks often sweeps over the distant view, and returns with a rich reward. But to the American all this sunny line of sea-coast has a higher interest than even its charming climate or its rural peace. In the nooks and bays of Devon, among its cliffs and tors, were nurtured that race of gallant discoverers who first directed the attention of Europe to the barren wilderness that spread unclaimed from Florida to the savage capes of Greenland.

All the air is full of the memories of the Raleighs and Gilberts, Carews, Drakes, and Champernowns, who issued from these quiet waters to explore unknown seas, who were nurtured in the soft climate of Devonshire, and who were fishermen and navigators from their boyhood. Two stalwart youths, Walter Raleigh and Humphrey Gilbert, step-brothers and sons of one eminent Devonshire mother, Margaret Champernown, were familiar with all the nooks and coves of this quiet shore, from the mouth of the Exe to the swelling headlands of Torbay. Here they fished and hunted. Here their bold, fresh intellects were early touched by the solemn speculations of Puritanism. Here Raleigh sometimes dreamed of a spiritual paradise, and sometimes of the dazzling splendors of the Elizabethan court. Here Humphrey Gilbert first courted the dangers of the deep. Here both, perhaps, first heard of the wide wilderness across the ocean within whose unknown depths seemed to hide empires as splendid as the realms of Montezuma and the Incas, cities paved with gold, and mines of countless gems. From the fair scenes of their native coast, where they might have lived in luxurious ease, both were tempted away to shine in the fated circle that clustered around the maiden queen, and lived upon her smiles. Raleigh, poet, scholar, philosopher, ascended the perilous path of court favor, and crushed the purer impulses of his nature in the fierce rivalries of love and war. But the first visions of his boyhood never left him. His poetical fancy ever turned to the boundless realm beyond the seas. His Devonshire training amidst fishermen and mariners fixed his destiny. He became the chief of colonizers. He pointed out the way to America with pen and sword. He was never weary of urging his countrymen to take possession of the beautiful lands he described beyond the stormy ocean. He laid his head upon the block still convinced that the schemes of discovery and settlement which had brought him only ruin might yet be perfected; and but for Raleigh's labors and sacrifices Virginia would perhaps have lain unvisited, and the *Mayflower* might have wandered to some less propitious shore.

Purer, wiser, less agitated by inferior impulses than his brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was no less borne away by the passion of discovery. He became the patentee and lord of Newfoundland. He left his charming home in Devonshire, the fair landscape of his childhood, his fond wife and children, his ample fortune and domestic ease, to carry the light of faith to "the dark places of the earth." He took possession of his barren and foggy island, and having coasted along the icy shore of Labrador, set out on his return to England in a little vessel of ten tons. A larger ship accompanied him. But on a dark and stormy night on the wide waste of the Atlantic, where now the largest steam-ships are tossed and rocked by the irresistible waves, the little vessel sank in the darkness. And not long before she disappeared Sir Humphrey was heard crying aloud in a cheerful voice, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." Such were the men of Devonshire who first pointed out the path to the New World, and planted the germs of future nations. Yet as one surveys the fair scenes of their birth-place it seems still more wonderful that they should have pined to exchange the green shores of Devon for an unknown wilderness, and sighed for barren empires in the savage West. Their names are still preserved in their native seats. Compton Castle, once the home of the Gilberts, on the heights above Torbay, remained until recently in the possession of descendants of the family. Near the mouth of the Exe the name of Raleigh is attached to an ancient estate. Their descendants or collateral relatives are still found in the neighborhood of the place where they were born. Nor will America ever forget the story of the gallant brothers whose toils and sacrifices first guided the hosts of emigration to her teeming fields.

Into the capacious harbor of Torbay, now filled alone with fleets of fishermen, came, a hundred years later, a memorable armada. It was led by William of Orange, the champion of honest labor and of Protestantism. At a little fishing town near Bury Head is shown the stone upon which he first trod when he landed on English soil. Over the still bay were spread out the long lines of his war vessels and transports, covering, one might suppose, the whole narrow outlet with rows of masts and banners. To William England owes its freedom, and America that it has been made the home of the working-men. To caste, tyranny, and bigotry he gave a mortal wound, perhaps involuntarily. The American Revolution was the natural fruit of the English of 1688. And the fleet that sailed gallantly into the harbor of Raleigh and Gilbert, amidst its shores of perpetual bloom, was filled with the champions of labor and of progress. The destiny of great states and communities in the New World, now the homes of enlightened industry and of advancing freedom, hung upon the success of William's bold adventure.

One might scarcely imagine the rhinoceros laving his armor in the still waters of Torbay, or the elephant crashing through these quiet woods, yet all Devonshire abounds in caves where the bones of these animals lie side by side with those of prehistoric men. Kent's Cavern, a huge opening in the rock, affords the materials whence Sir John Lubbock has drawn the proofs of the savage condition of our ancestors, and of the strange blending of tropical mammalia and barbarous races on the English coasts. In some distant and unknown period the people of Devonshire resembled, we are told, the wild tribes of Patagonia, were cannibals, feeding, at least in times of famine, upon each other. The age of stone is here clearly marked out. Stone hatchets and arrowheads found in the Devonshire caves, with human bones and the remains of the tiger and the bear, indicate the habits of the early inhabitants. They hid in natural fortresses, and clove each other's skulls with flinty celts. At a later period the land was the favorite haunt of the Druid cult. Circles of huge stones, piles of uncemented rock, the traces of a worship that seems to have been pursued with no want of human toils and sacrifices, lie scattered around. The cathedrals of our ancestors in the age of stone must have been erected with but little less of painful endurance than Ely or Exeter. On the wild heath of Dartmoor, raised far above the level of the sea, altars, circles, obelisks, cairns, and cromlechs cover the bleak plain with the memorials of a faith of which no other element survives.

But Druid and savage, discoverers and martyrs, have now given place to the throngs of modern fashion. In winter, when fierce and icy storms have made Long Branch and Cape May desolate, the villas and hotels of Torbay are filled with their accustomed inmates. The climate resembles that of an American April, except for the perpetual verdure. Frosts and sharp winds sometimes come, but they are broken by intervals of soft sunshine and balmy airs. Winter is never without its flowers. Torquay is fullest in January and February. Miss Burdett-Coutts, the wealthiest of women, and the one perhaps who best knows how to employ her wealth, lives in a modest villa on one of the hills. In another direction the inventor of the sewing-machine, who might learn from Miss Coutts how to use his enormous revenues, is building a costly and pretentious mansion. The English villas are usually surrounded with high stone walls covered with broken glass, as if to shut out observation. Trespassers are warned away from the grounds by threatening notices. One can not wander through the green fields that lie temptingly before him. Only great flocks of rooks are seen enjoying the sunshine on the meadows. It is a land of exclusiveness, in which beasts and birds are sometimes more carefully cared for than men. The cottages of the laborers are often so old and weather-worn as to seem the products of distant centuries. The damp steals down the thatched roof, and the cold floors invite the approach of fever. A prominent nobleman has recently suggested that the government should advance money to the land-holders to build new cottages for the laboring classes. Their present homes seem to have outlasted castles and cairns. It is a painful proof of the want of some energetic improvement in their condition that the larger portion of the out-door relief, according to the latest statement of the Local Board, is given to increase the wages of able-bodied laborers. They can not obtain a subsistence for their families from the product of their incessant toil. Happily the American Union has been preserved from the assaults of evil men to afford a home for the working classes. There is still hope for the industrious, and a refuge in the land to which sanguine Raleighs and Gilberts led the way.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress did very little more than make speeches during the week. On March 16 the House appropriated $30,000 for improving the mouths of the Mississippi River.—Senator Logan spoke again, March 17, in favor of more currency. On the following day Senator Davis of West Virginia made a speech against inflation. The M'Crary bill to regulate inter-State commerce was discussed in the House March 18.—The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill was discussed, March 19, in the House. A motion to reduce the appropriation for Congressmen's mileage was voted down.—The Army and Fortification Appropriation bills were amended and passed by the Senate March 20.

The New York State Senate passed the Appropriation Bill March 19. The Assembly, on the same day, adopted the two remaining articles (III. and IV.) of the proposed amendments to the Constitution as they came from the Senate.

Serious volcanic disturbances have occurred in Bald Mountain, M'Dowell County, North Carolina, within the past twenty days. Many shocks have been felt, and the people are greatly alarmed.

Judge Louis Dent, President Grant's brother-in-law, died in Washington March 22.

The women's temperance movement still goes on in the West. In Cincinnati, March 18, an opposition meeting was held, which was addressed by two German clergymen and a Jewish rabbi.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Another outrage on a Protestant clergyman is reported from Mexico. A Roman Catholic mob, March 7, attacked the Protestant chapel in Puebla, smashed the windows and furniture, destroyed the Bibles, and stoned the pastor, Rev. Antonio Corral.

The eighteenth anniversary of the birth of Prince Louis Napoleon was celebrated at Chiselhurst, March 16, by a very large number of French people. Over 6000 invitations were accepted. In reply to the congratulatory address of the Duke of Padua, the prince declared himself in favor of a plébiscite, the verdict of which he was ready to accept.

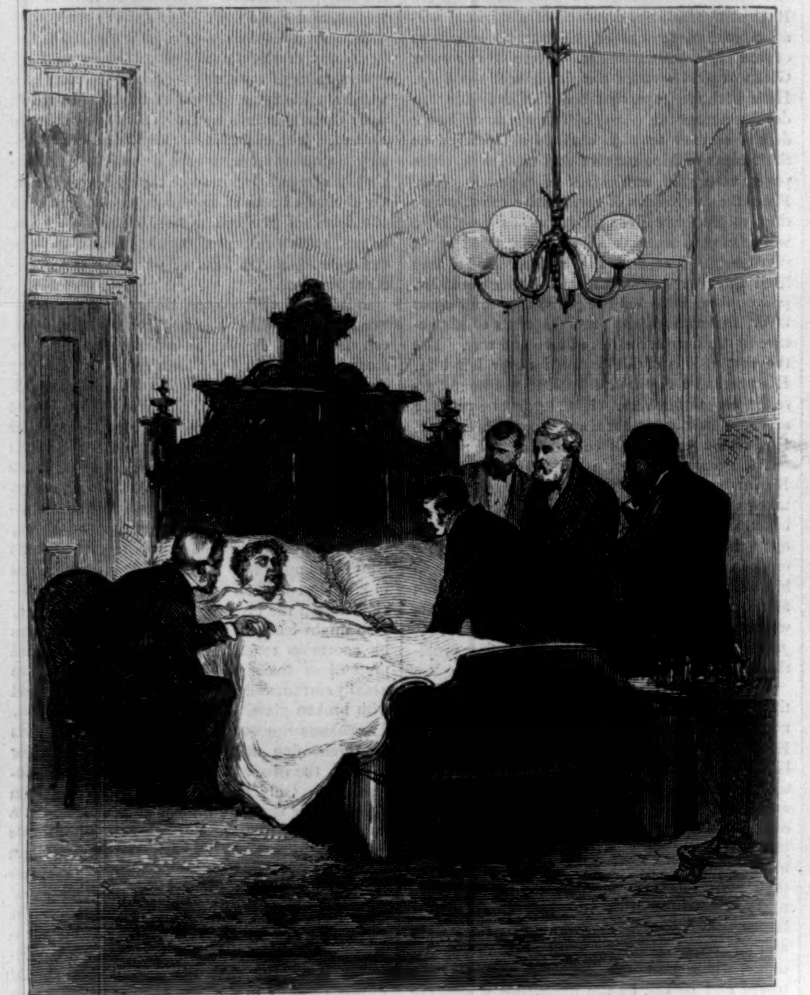
The steam-ship *Laconia*, while on a recent voyage from Alexandria, Egypt, for Algiers, having as passengers 278 pilgrims returning from Mecca, encountered terrific gales. One huge wave which struck the vessel washed overboard from her deck 117 of the pilgrims, and all were drowned.

The Roman Catholic bishops in the Austrian Reichsrath threaten to withdraw if the ecclesiastical bills are pressed.

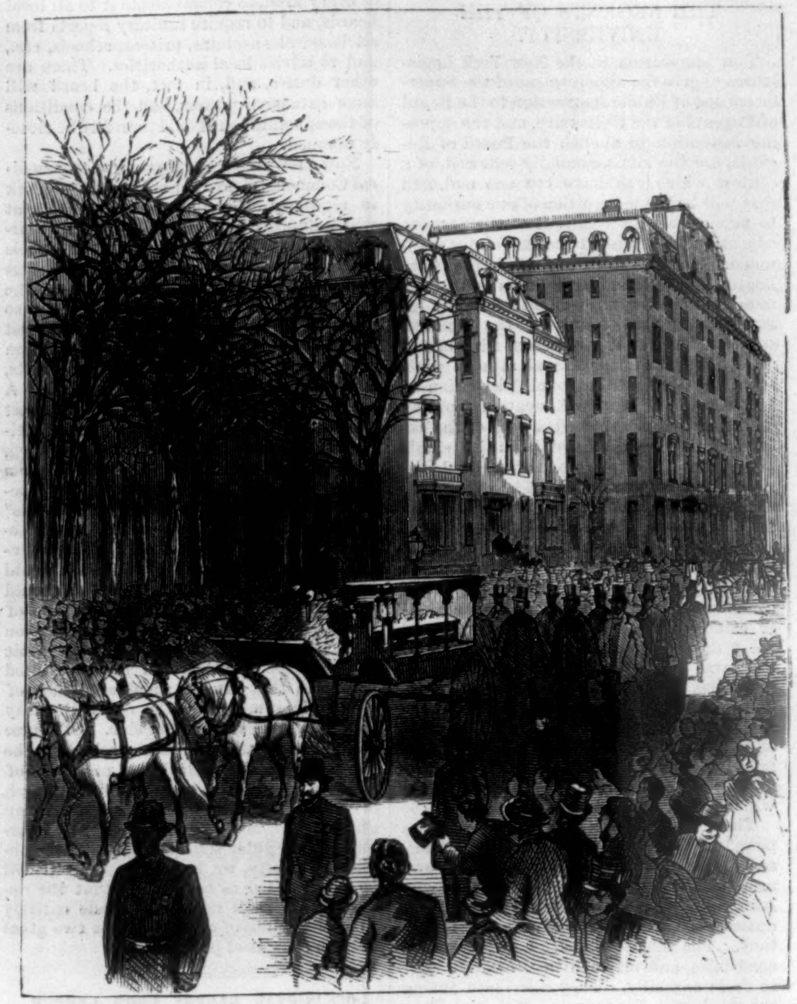
The famine in India is still increasing. Over 100,000 persons in a single district applied to the government for relief within ten days.

Johann Heinrich Maedler, the German astronomer, is dead.

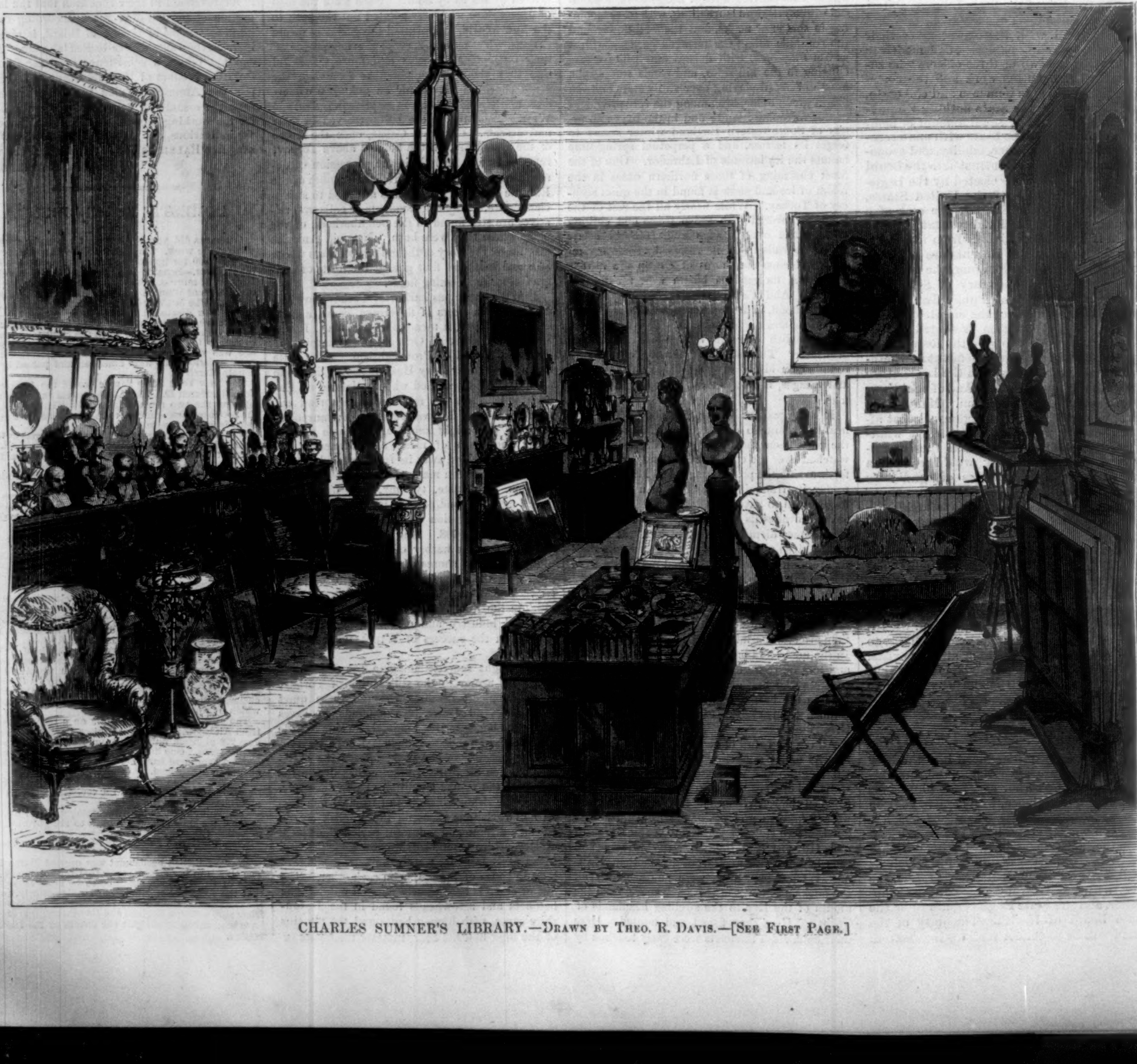
The new British Parliament was opened March 19. The Queen in her speech states that the foreign relations of Great Britain continue to be most friendly, that the Ashantee war has ended satisfactorily, that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh is a pledge of friendship between England and Russia, and that steps have been taken to mitigate the effects of the Indian famine.



THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]



REMOVING THE BODY TO THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

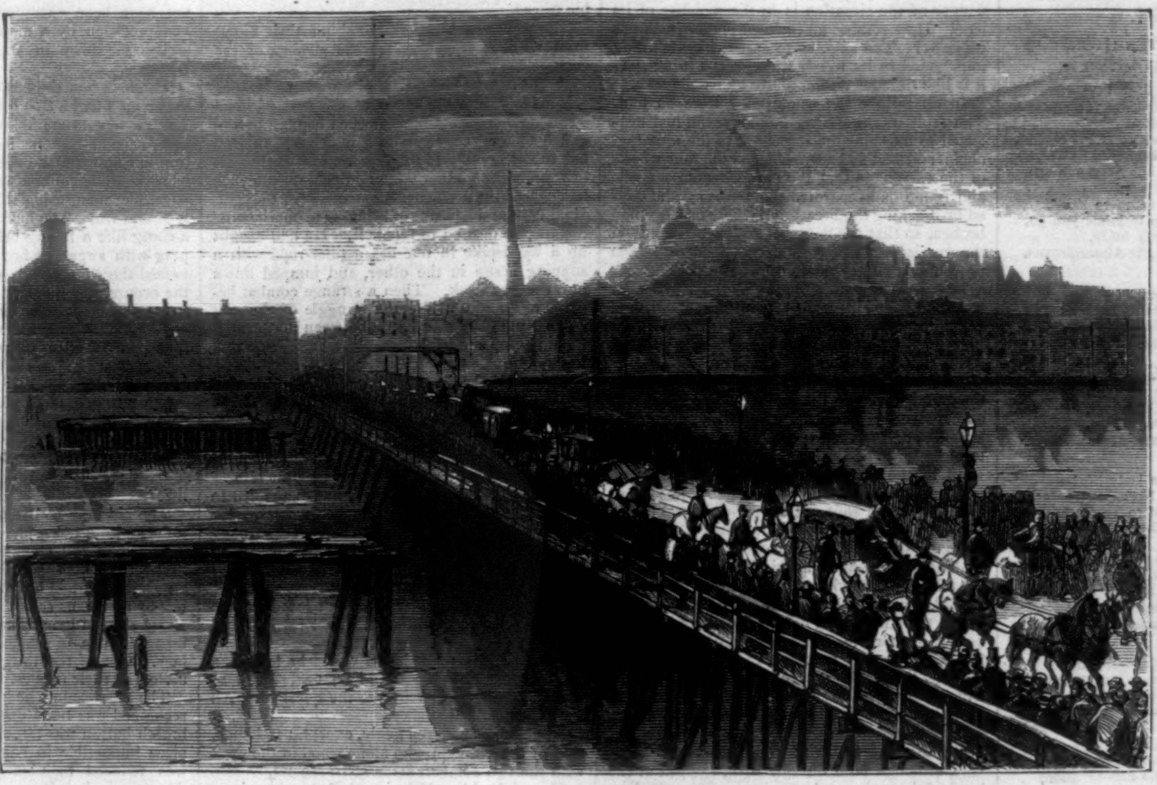


CHARLES SUMNER'S LIBRARY.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

DUST TO DUST.

On the afternoon of March 16 the body of **Charles Sumner** was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery. There was a general suspension of business in Boston during the hours when the funeral ceremonies were in progress; the streets near old King's Chapel, where the services were held, were thronged with citizens. Emblems of mourning were at many places draped about a portrait or bust of the deceased Senator, thousands of flags hung at half-mast, and all the bells of the city were tolled while the funeral procession wound slowly through the streets.

Before the removal of the body from Doric Hall, in the State House, where thousands of citizens had taken a last look at the face of the honored dead, an autopsy was made not only of the heart, but of the other organs, all of which, with the exception of the heart, were found to be in a perfectly healthy condition. The brain exhibited no trace of the assault from the effects of which Mr. **Sumner** had suffered so terribly.



THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER—CROSSING CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE.—[From a Sketch by Francis Lathrop.]

The demand for tickets of admission to King's Chapel far exceeded the capacity of the house, and as the hour of service approached, the streets adjacent were filled with crowds of citizens, a passage for the funeral procession being kept clear by lines of policemen. At half past two a special detail of eight State constables took the casket from its resting-place in Doric Hall and bore it to the hearse, a plain black one, with four horses, stationed at the Beacon Street gate, while a band played the "Dead March." A few moments after, the funeral procession moved from the doors of the State House, passed down the steps, and, after forming, proceeded slowly to the chapel, which was appropriately decorated with flowers, emblems of mourning, and drapery. The place was filled with representative men from all parts of the country, both in official and private life, assembled to pay the last tribute to the man whose life was worthy of all honor. The impressive but simple service ended, the procession was re-formed and passed up Beacon Street, and through Charles Street to Cambridge Bridge, through silent throngs of people.

The bridge leading from Charles Street to Cambridge was lined its entire length with crowds anxious to catch a view of the funeral cortége as it moved with measured tread to the gates of Mount Auburn, and the sidewalks and roadways the entire route were filled with people on foot and people in every variety of vehicle, patiently waiting to see the long train of carriages which alone comprised the procession after leaving the city. The residents along the route displayed the national flag at half-mast and appropriately draped, but no extensive displays were made except upon the front of the City Hall, Cambridgeport, which was hung with mourning emblems, with the name, **Charles Sumner**, upon an arch over the main doorway. The bells of Cambridgeport were tolled while the funeral train passed from the bridge to the old Cambridge line, when the bells of that part of the city took up the sad refrain, and tolled until the cortége passed the line of the city into Watertown.

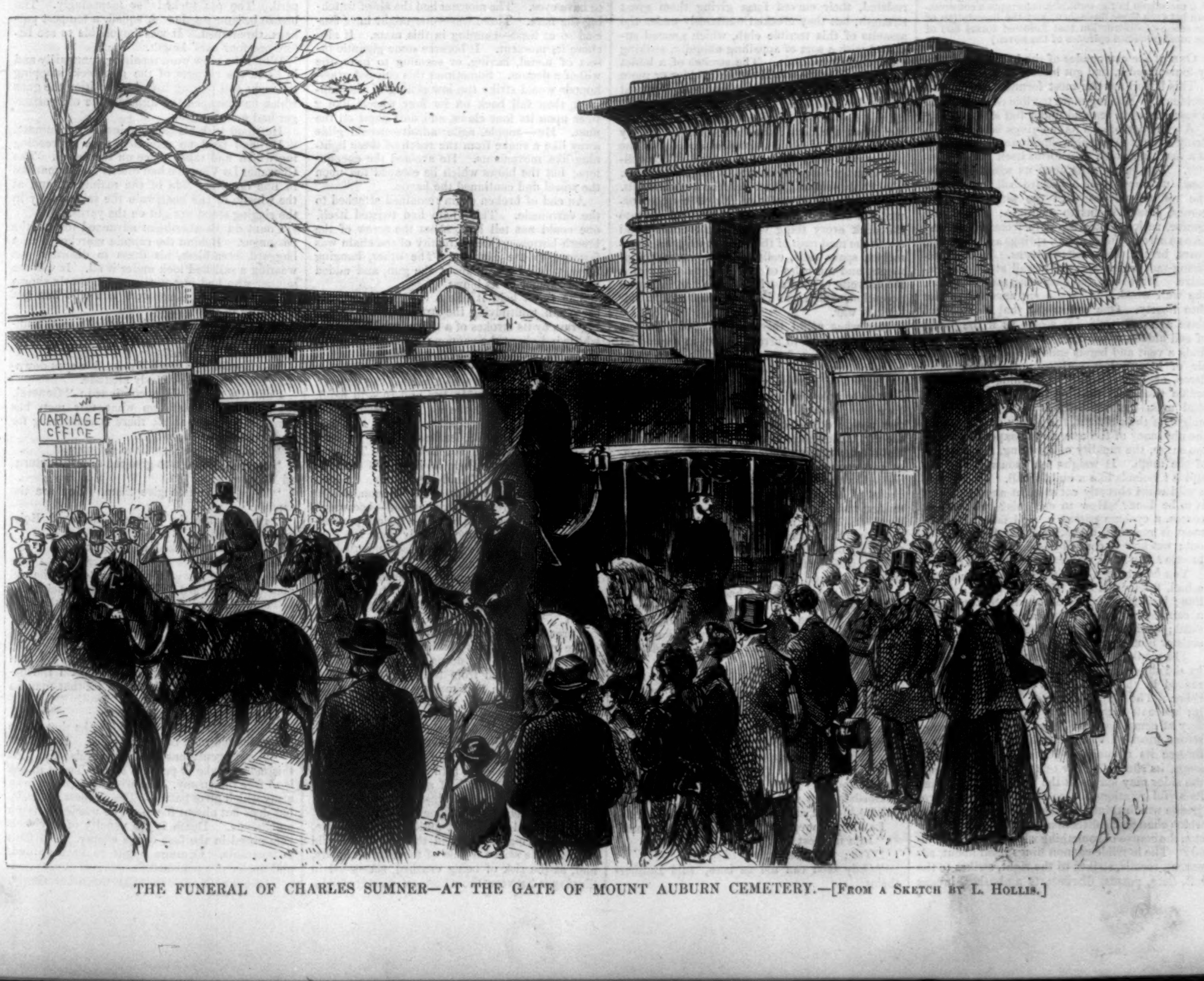
The head of the procession reached the gate at Mount Auburn Cemetery a few minutes before six o'clock, and just as the bells in the distant towns were striking that hour, the beautiful strains of *Integer Vitæ*, sung by a choir of forty voices, fell upon the calm silence of the scene, and produced a thrilling effect upon the thousands who were massed upon the hills surrounding the lot in which the preparations for the burial had been completed. It is on Arethusa Path, running from Walnut Avenue to Trefoil Path. The grave had been prepared, being a cemented brick vault, about two feet square, and six feet from the turf to the bottom of the vault. A large oak-tree stands out boldly above and just back of the grave as viewed from the walk, and seems almost typical, in its solitary grandeur, of the life of the one who was to sleep beneath it. Just before the cortége reached the lot a beautiful cross of ivy and violets was placed at the head of the grave, and a few moments later Miss **Maud Howe**, a daughter of Dr. S. G. **Howe**, and a friend took their places at the head of the grave as representatives of Mr. **Sumner's** sister in San Francisco, at whose request they were present; they contributed a beautiful floral wreath and cross to the offerings heaped upon the grave. The scene as the casket was borne from the hearse to the grave by the State police force was one of strange sadness. Nearly 5000 people could be seen from the burial lot, and the solemn stillness, as the various delegations formed about the open grave, was very impressive.

After the singing of *Integer Vitæ*, the Rev. **Henry W. Foote** pronounced the words:

> "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

To this the choir responded, "Amen." Dr. **Sunderland** then led the multitude in repeating the Lord's Prayer, after which the grand choral *Ein feste Burg* was sung by the choir. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, the benediction pronounced, and the sad services were ended.

On pages 296 and 297 will be found illustrations showing the body lying in state in Doric Hall, and the scene at the grave.



THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER—AT THE GATE OF MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.—[From a Sketch by L. Hollis.]

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

A WELCOME BY ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET LAUREATE.

I.

The Son of him with whom we strove for power—
Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain—
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain—
Has given our Prince his own Imperial Flower,
Alexandrovna.
And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow!
From love to love, from home to home you go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie-Alexandrovna.

II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,
And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirred;
Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard;
And all the sultry palms of India known,
Alexandrovna.
The voices of our universal sea,
On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent,
The Maoris and that Isle of Continent,
And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie-Alexandrovna!

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty life!—
Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords;
Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes
Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,
Alexandrovna!
For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,
And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;
But who love best have best the grace to know
That Love by right divine is deathless king,
Marie-Alexandrovna!

IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger land,
Where men are bold and strongly say their say;—
See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,
As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,
Alexandrovna!
So now thy fuller life is in the West,
Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor:
Thy name was blest within the narrow door;
Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
Marie-Alexandrovna!

V.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
Or at thy coming, Princess, every where,
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
Alexandrovna?
But hearts that change not, love that can not cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
And howsoever this wild world may roll,
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
Alfred—Alexandrovna!

THE STORY OF THE GUN.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "NINETY-THREE."

[The war corvette *Claymore*, sailing from Jersey for the French coast in the service of the French royalists, carried a mysterious passenger, whose name was known only to the captain and his chief officer, but who afterward appears as the Marquis de Lantenac, the royalist leader in La Vendée. The breaking loose of a carronade in the gun-deck interrupts a conversation between these three men, and the description of the scene of destruction that followed forms one of the most powerful episodes of the novel.]

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon let loose. You can not kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder—the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern oscillating from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the frame-work; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck every thing which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo: an infamous deception, which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared to descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the wood-work of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster—a decision must be made—but how?

What a combatant—this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunder-bolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied, "Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent—the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began; a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except, perchance, that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them, the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half-light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun, and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind, and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axe-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This manœuvre, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosel's *Manual of Sea Gunnery*.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind-wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong, and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunder-bolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames.

The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding ing which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the captain marched a man haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him, "General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued: "General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added, "Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded, and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an axe upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added, "Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

The old passenger still leaned back against the mainmast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville,

"The Vendée has found a head!"

PERSONAL.

Dean Stanley, animated by that strong common-sense which, in matters of faith, seems to be rising in the minds of men above the pettinesses that have heretofore too generally prevailed, has consented to the erection of a memorial to the brothers Wesley in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Adams Acton, the sculptor, is now at work upon it, and hopes to finish it in July.

—The following is a brief summary concerning the family of the late Senator Sumner: He was the son of Sheriff Charles P. Sumner, a well-known and respected citizen. He had two sisters, Mary and Julia, and three brothers, Albert, Henry, and George. The only survivor of these brothers and sisters is Julia, now Mrs. Dr. Hastings, a resident of California. Two of the brothers were lost at sea, one at the same time that Margaret Fuller Ossoli met her sad fate. George died in a hospital in this State from softening of the brain. On the 17th of October, 1866, the Senator married Mrs. Alice Hooper, widow of William Sturgis Hooper, who was a son of Hon. Samuel Hooper. Mrs. Hooper was a daughter of Jonathan Mason, Esq. The marriage ceremony was performed by the late Bishop Eastburn. On the 10th of May, 1873, a divorce was decreed between the parties by Judge Colt, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

—Certainly one of the most graphic and probably one of the most accurate descriptions of the personal manners and habits of Prince Bismarck is the following, by a gentleman who has recently taken stock of the man: "The mightiest statesman in the world is a tall, bald man, with some white hair. He wears a military uniform to please old William, but he best likes looser drapery. The man is very upright, very strong, very affable, and so wonderfully elastic in his movements that he might be an India rubber man. He looks in robust health till examined closely, and then an observer begins to notice painful spasms and contractions of the face, which reveal overexcited nerves. In manner he is a rollicking, overbearing man. Wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He will not even listen to remonstrance, still less to contradiction. He strides over his enemies and acquaintances, nodding to the latter as he puts his foot upon the former. The man is of a giant appetite for work and food. He eats old sausages and black bread, served without a table-cloth, for breakfast. His dinner is of mighty meats in plenty, washed down or floated in large goblets of strong Burgundy. He smokes and works and talks perpetually. His home is like a volcano in constant eruption. His secretaries can not stand his work long; they are obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion. Prince Bismarck is very funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, very impudent at all times. He is not a far-sighted man, or he would not have rushed into a religious war so abruptly. He is rather an astonished man, who has become mighty in spite of errors, often because of errors, and who believes that every thing may be done by courage and opportunity. He is, so to say, a man who has stunned himself with his own noise, and who keeps on bawling because it seems to bewilder other people and to make every body shut his ears and give in to him."

—Dr. Schliemann, whose discoveries are just now the subject of much talk among European savants, was formerly a resident of Indianapolis, Indiana, and while there was divorced from his first wife, a Russian lady.

—Mr. Bailey, who keeps that paper in Danbury, expresses the opinion that Massachusetts temper is sadly puckered by Butler per Simmons.

—A gentleman who was familiar with the late Senator Sumner says of his habits: "He was always a lover of fine wine, and much of it. His Boston friends provided him with many a cask and basket, and I never tasted an inferior glass of wine in his house. His palate took a wide range, from Sicilian and Spanish light wines to port and Madeira and the best clarets of France and Hungary. He was a very great eater, and liked sweet-breads, game, large hot joints, and the mountain mutton of the Bull Run and Catoctin country. He breakfasted light, and, I think, ate no lunch, but, when he returned from the Senate, consumed two hours at the table, and then sat up by a drop-light, opening his mail, reading, and talking until midnight. His religious belief was Harvard Unitarianism, but he had great regard for the orthodox fathers in the Puritan, Lutheran, and also the Catholic Church. I never heard him express repulsion for any body or any thing dead."

—Pope Pius IX. has lived to bury more than one hundred members of the college of cardinals. Cardinal Antonelli, the great administrative genius of the Roman Church, is nearly seventy. Describing the Papal Senate as it now exists, a correspondent of the *Times* says it is a circle of old gentlemen, half of whom have passed the age of sixty-five. The Pope is as much disposed to joke as was President Lincoln, and a story is told of one of his recent sallies of good humor. "The death of Cardinal Tarquini so soon after he was created," said the Pope, "is a proof that the Romans will have nothing more to do with the Tarquins; and here is Cardinal De Angelis, who is most of the time in Fermo (*infirmo*), and holds out to the last." The cardinals standing by, as they were bound to do, laughed at the Pope's lively humor, which he will frequently indulge, no matter who is hit. Pius IX. is in good health, and on the 13th of the coming May he will have completed his eighty-first year, for he was born in 1792. His long reign as pontiff is frequently spoken of as something remarkable, and by some is accounted nothing less than as a sign of the special providence of God. But if the Pope lives ten years longer, we shall find nothing in the fact except what is perfectly in the order of nature. If most of the other members of the Mastai-Ferretti family live to the age of eighty or ninety, there is no reason why this brother Giovanni, with his regular mode of living, should not have allotted to him an equal number of years.

—The Rev. Mr. Roberts, an English clergyman, having been dismissed from his curacy for taking a too prominent part in the agricultural laborers' movement, was promptly and generously appointed to a much more valuable and desirable living by Mr. Gladstone.

—The Count De Waldeck, painter, living in Paris, has just arrived at the great age of one hundred and eight years. In 1826, being then sixty, and in want of money, he presented some of his pictures at the École des Beaux-Arts, and asked 40,000 francs for them. M. Bastard, the director, replied that the resources at his command did not permit him to make a purchase of that importance, but that, if M. Waldeck consented, he would obtain for him an annual allowance of 2000 francs. The painter has therefore received during forty-eight years a total sum of 96,000 francs. The old gentleman is in excellent health.

—Mr. Sydney Howard Gay has retired from the editorial staff of the *Evening Post* to engage with Mr. William Cullen Bryant on a popular history of the United States. Mr. Albert G. Brown, of Boston, formerly secretary to Governor Andrew, is Mr. Gay's successor.

—February has been a fortunate month for Mr. Disraeli. On the 27th of that month, in 1852, he first became a cabinet minister and leader of the House of Commons; on the 25th of February, 1858, he again took office; on the 29th of the same month, in 1868, he first became Prime Minister; and on the 21st of February of the present year he again became Premier, with a compact majority to sustain him.

—All the cobblers of the universe are requested to contribute to the erection of a monument to that great shoe-maker, Hans Sachs, somewhat known in this country by commendatory notices from Longfellow and Lowell. Our friend was born 300 years ago, so that just now we are not called on to mourn afresh for his loss. What the cobblers want to have done is to raise the necessary thalers to put up the stone-work at Nuremberg, where he lived and died. He wrote 4200 songs, 208 comedies and tragedies, 1700 comic tales, made several thousand pairs of high-lows, boots, and shoes, and was esteemed for the beauty of his versification and his skill with the lapstone.

—Mr. "Macaulay," the clever New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, says that most of the detectives of New York not only know the thieves, but are on good terms with them. One of the best detectives in New York is said to know 1500 thieves and bad characters. The detectives do not follow up any moderate robbery; it must be a large one to secure their attention. When traced, they usually recommend the victims to compromise, and the rewards and emoluments go to the thieves and detectives together, and in fat proportions. Such, at least, is the common belief.

—Mr. Moses Taylor, president of ever so many things in this city, Mr. William D. Bishop, president of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, Mr. Samuel Sloan, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, and one or two other railway magnates, have been taking a run through the South. The Macon (Georgia) *Messenger* says: "Mr. Taylor is the largest stockholder of the Georgia Central Railroad, and worth about $20,000,000, and has never visited the South before, or been absent longer than thirteen days from the city of his nativity. He is a well-preserved, genial gentleman, on the shady side of sixty, and devoid of all hauteur or affectation."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Professor Leidy made a communication in reference to a worm vomited by a Chinese boy in Canton, and which was transmitted to him for examination. He reports the object in question to be a liver fluke, *Distoma hepaticum*—a rare parasite in the human body, and belonging to the liver. The case was a very remarkable one, as being the first instance on record in which an entozoon of this character had been known to enter the alimentary canal.

Among the important enterprises of the United States government, looking toward the welfare of the nation, not the least valuable is that of the establishment of life-saving stations along the coast, with a view not only of succoring shipwrecked vessels and their crews, but of communicating information to insurance companies and revenue-cutters, and thus securing more efficient aid when needed. A commission has been engaged for some time past in selecting the stations, and it is expected that at no distant day they will be strung along the entire coast at intervals of about every twenty-five miles. The present year will witness the completion of that portion of the cordon extending from Cape Hatteras to Sandy Hook; and in addition to the life-saving force there will probably be at each station a telegraphic observer, belonging to the Signal Service, having his quarters in the building, and whose duties, in addition to that of reporting accidents or wrecks, will be to receive messages by signal from passing vessels, and to transmit them to any desired point; also to communicate storm signals, and to furnish the regular weather dispatches to the Signal-office. The scientific data to be collected by these parties will be of the utmost importance, giving us the means of determining with the greatest accuracy the meteorology of the sea and its coasts, and thereby greatly to improve the storm-signal system.

It will be remembered that observers of the Signal Corps are only assigned to duty after undergoing a rigid training and severe examination at Washington, during which incompetent persons are weeded out, and none employed but those who are prompt, accurate, and intelligent. They are therefore amply qualified to assist in scientific investigations of any kind; and among their labors they will probably render help in determining facts with reference to the fisheries of the coast, in noting the arrival and departure of schools of fish at various points, and thus communicating to the fishermen facts which they would otherwise gather only by accident, if at all. (The government of Norway keeps observers on its coast with special reference to the herring fishery.) Important information with reference to mackerel, herring, sword-fish, menhaden, or porgees, and other fish of economical importance, will thus be obtained, to the great benefit of the country. The general facts relating to the migration of birds, the occurrence of periodical phenomena of vegetation, and other points, will doubtless also be collected by the office.

Of the importance of the Signal Service and its operations generally to the country it is hardly necessary to speak here, as every one is satisfied that the expenditures, however great they may be, are amply warranted, in view of the great importance of the results. The estimate for the present year, covering the entire service of the corps, and including the new branch of the coast life-saving stations, is about $340,000—certainly a very reasonable outlay when we bear in mind that within a short time a cargo of tea worth $100,000 was saved by the timely information communicated from one of the coast stations already established, by summoning to the assistance of the crew relief vessels from a distance so great that they could not otherwise have known of the wreck in season.

A society has been started in the South under the name of the Southern Historical Society, having special reference to securing materials toward a history of the events of the late war, all printed matter procurable having been brought together for this purpose, while a vast amount of manuscript has also been received. One gentleman has furnished a history of the army corps of Northern Virginia of 1000 pages, while General S. D. Lee has supplied his order-books of the Army of Tennessee. A contract has been made with Trumbull Brothers, of Baltimore, to make the *Southern Magazine* the organ of the society, and they are to publish twenty pages monthly free of cost.

An association has been organized in Philadelphia under the title of the National Museum, with a view of collecting interesting historical records for exhibition at the Centennial of 1876. Among the recent additions is the original charter, with its great seal, of the colony of Pennsylvania in 1701, and signed by William Penn.

According to the mining and scientific press of California, the quicksilver product of the State amounted to 31,881 flasks in 1871, to 30,306 in 1872, and to 28,600 in 1873. About half the total yield is from the New Almaden Mine, and next to that the New Idria, the two furnishing the value of a million and a quarter dollars. The price of quicksilver has ranged during 1873 from 90 cents (gold) in January, to $1 20 in December.

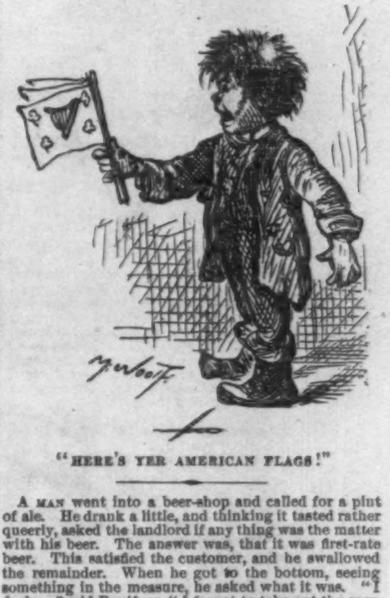
In view of its supposed restriction to North America, much astonishment was excited some time since by the discovery on the coast of Holland of specimens of the American horse-foot or king crab. More recently, however, the problem has been solved by a communication in the *Zoologist* by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who remarks that in 1860 numbers of these crabs were imported alive into Hamburg, and sold about the streets, and that many were purchased and kept in aquaria and elsewhere. On one occasion, a few years later, a large number were shipped from New York to Hamburg, and the market glutted thereby. With much tender-heartedness, Mr. Lloyd, who was then director of the great aquarium of Hamburg, in preference to allowing this great number to die, took occasion to have them thrown into the sea off the island of Heligoland, this taking place in August, 1866. Whether the animals captured are those originally introduced in this summary manner, or their descendants, is not known, but there is no good reason why the species may not hold its own in these seas, and in time become as abundant as they are on the American coast.

A summary of the more recent labors in regard to the exploration of New Guinea has lately been published in *Nature* by Mr. Adolph Bernhard Meyer, himself distinguished in this connection. In this he states that in 1871 a steamer was sent out by the Dutch to circumnavigate the island, and to take possession of that portion of the country which did not already belong to them. This failed to accomplish its object, a few posts only being established on the north coast, when the vessel was obliged to return without having performed its task.

A second expedition was dispatched in 1872, which accomplished less than the first. It is, however, proposed to send out an expedition in 1874. In 1870 some Italians, under the guidance of Mr. Cerruti, visited the southwest coast for the purpose of exploring the straits between the island of Salwatty and the main-land. They were, however, attacked and beaten off by the natives in MacCluer Gulf. In 1872 two Italian naturalists, M. Beccari and M. D'Albertis, endeavored to visit the place on the southwest coast called Utanate, but failed, on account of currents and winds. They remained for some time at Sorong, and thence proceeded to Dorey, in the north, and made a station on the Arfak Mountains. They returned in 1872, an Italian vessel of war having been sent in search of them. They brought back numerous interesting collections in natural history, embracing large numbers of birds-of-paradise and parrots. About the same time Mr. Miklucho-Maclay, to whom reference has been made in our pages, spent a season at Astrolabe Bay. Mr. Meyer himself has been among the most prominent explorers of this region, having proceeded from Ternate, early in the year 1873, to the harbor of Dorey, in the northwest corner of Geelvink's Bay, from which place he went to Mafood, about sixty miles from Dorey. After examining this locality he crossed to the island of Mysore, where he spent considerable time, and procured many interesting collections. No birds-of-paradise were found on the island; and on the island of Jobie, believed to contain many species, he found but three kinds. From this point he crossed inland into MacCluer Gulf, and thence to a river called the Jakati, and succeeded in obtaining, at altitudes of from 3000 to 6000 feet, all the known birds-of-paradise of New Guinea, together with one hitherto undescribed.

The State of Maryland is moving in the matter of her fisheries, a bill having already passed the House of Representatives for the appointment of two Commissioners, whose duty it shall be to ascertain and report what measures are necessary for the furtherance of this important interest. It is proposed that one of these shall give his attention exclusively to the fisheries of the Chesapeake Bay, the other taking charge of the interior waters. The Commissioners are also to select a proper locality for the propagation of food fishes, and to erect the necessary establishment, and secure the spawn of such fish as may be considered desirable for introduction into the waters of the State. It is estimated that the water surface of Maryland covers an area of over two thousand square miles, or about one-fifth of the entire State; and as her fisheries are already by far the most important portion of her resources, it is an evidence of good judgment to endeavor to realize the objects proposed by this measure. There is no question but that by judicious action, and the expenditure of a moderate amount of money, the number of valuable food fishes can be increased many fold.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



"HERE'S YER AMERICAN FLAGS!"

A man went into a beer-shop and called for a pint of ale. He drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the landlord if any thing was the matter with his beer. The answer was, that it was first-rate beer. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder. When he got to the bottom, seeing something in the measure, he asked what it was. "I declare," said Boniface, "I forgot to take out the soap when I shaved this morning!"

Lord John Russell was once accused in the House of Commons of falling back on the "cant of patriotism." The accuser was a man who, having originally been a Liberal, had deserted his party and turned Tory. Russell, in the course of his reply, coldly said, "I quite agree with the honorable baronet that the 'cant of patriotism' is a bad thing, but I hardly need remind him that there is something worse—the re-cant of patriotism."

An attorney before a bench of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench with great gravity that he had two witnesses in court in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them!

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitor, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourself at home." "Yes, indeed," replied the visitor, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

When is a thief like a reporter?—When he takes notes.

The newspaper bore is thus set to music:

"He drops into my easy-chair,
  And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
  And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
  And where he's forced to grieve:
He takes the strangest liberties,
  But never takes his leave!"

Moving for a new Trial.—Courting a second wife.

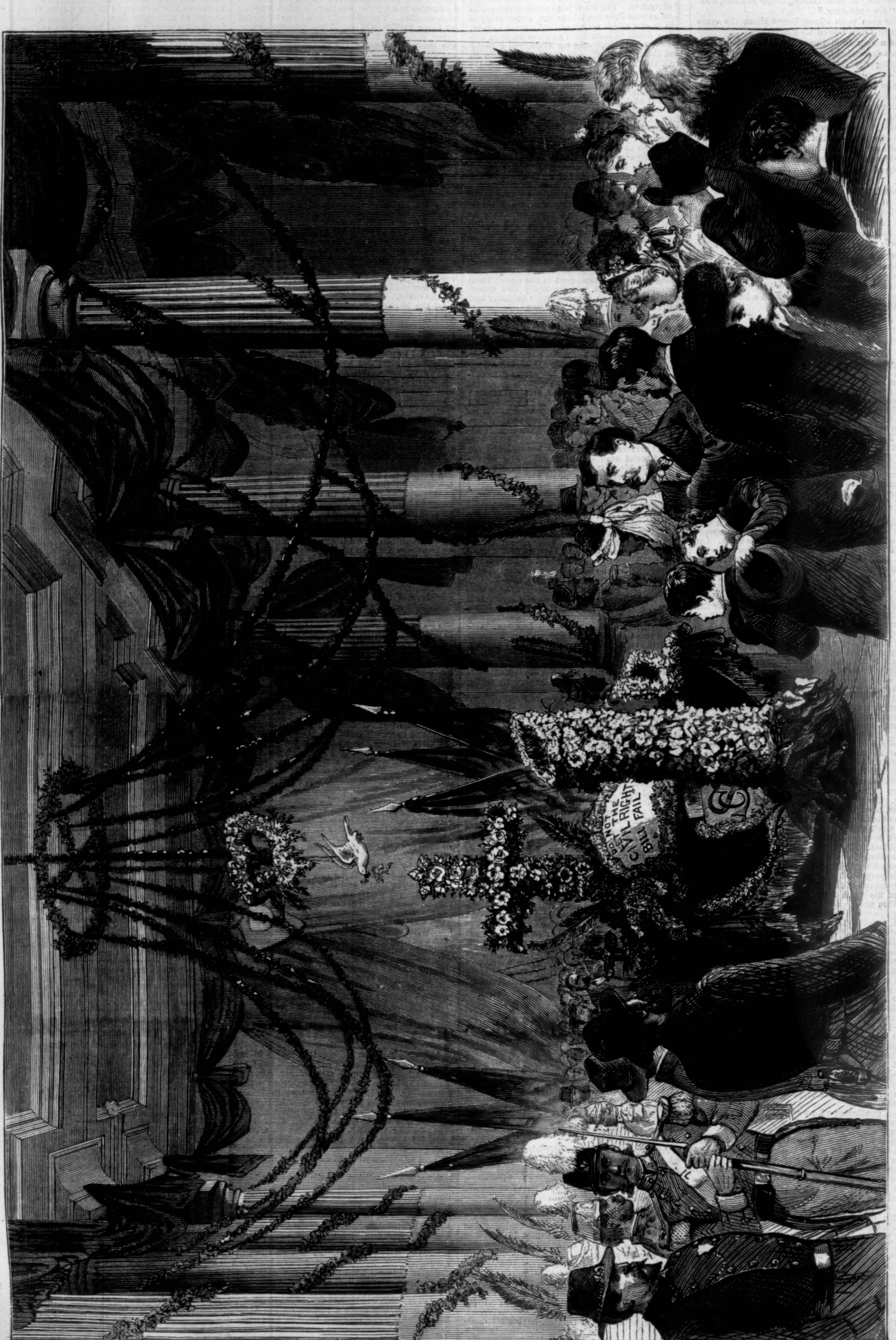
Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he had got through his work promptly.

"What have you been doing all day?" said a father to his boy, who had been set to husking corn in the barn, and had husked only half a basketful. "I am catching rats, Sir." "Catching rats! How many have you caught?" "When I get the one I am now after and two more, it will make three!"

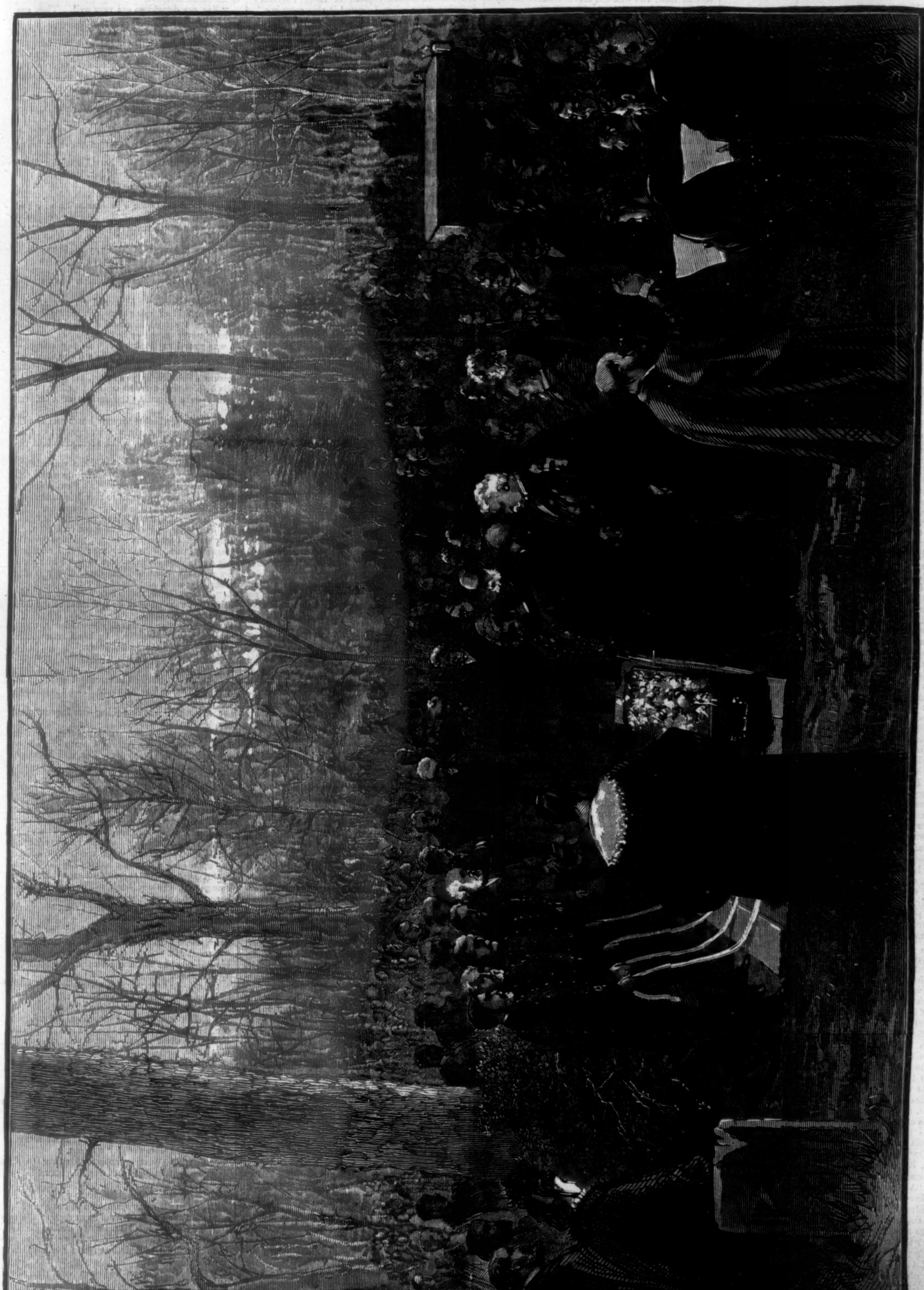
How to make a slow Horse fast.—Tie him to a post.

A Georgia bride is described in one of the local papers as "looking a very lily cradled in the golden glimmer of some evening lake—a foam fleck, snowy yet sun-flashed, crowning the ripplings of some soft southern sea."

There was a room with eight corners. In each corner sat a cat; before each cat sat seven other cats, and on each cat's tail sat a cat. How many cats in all?


DO NOT LET THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL FAIL

THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER—LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, BOSTON.—From a Sketch by L. Hollis.—[See Page 293.]



THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES SUMNER—"DUST TO DUST."—From a Sketch by L. Hollis.—[See Page 293.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

MR. BAIN IS WORSTED.

MR. BAIN mounted his horse, Pepper, a sleek, deep-chested animal, which he kept for the saddle, and rode forth gayly—or as gayly as so young a widower might ride with the eye of his townfolk upon him—just about an hour after Lady Perriam had been borne away from St. Katherine's Wharf on the Antwerp steamer.

It was a bright August noontide, with just a pleasant westerly breeze to fan the leaves of the young trees that had been planted in the front gardens of those smart-looking villas which had lately cropped up, like a fringe of brick and mortar, along the road just outside Monkhampton—agreeable indications of the prosperity of "our ever-increasing town," as the Monkhamptonians called it in the local paper. Mr. Bain, secure in his square red brick dwelling-place, whose freehold his father and grandfather had held before him, looked with an eye of contempt on these toy-shop villas—little more substantial than those pasteboard Swiss cottages and rustic savings-banks in which juvenile hoards are wont to be garnered. The people who occupied these newly built habitations were people who had newly begun housekeeping, people of the mushroom race, young couples with small children and very young maid-servants—nothing solid or old-established about them.

Gayly rode Mr. Bain past the mushroom villas, more gayly as the road grew more rural, and there were only birds and butterflies, or the ruddy kine in the fat meadows, or lazy old horses looking over field gates, to mark the brightness of his eye or the half-suppressed smile upon his firm lip.

He was going to ask Lady Perriam for her answer—and he told himself that answer would be favorable. He had considered the matter from every stand-point, gone into it deeply, and he did not believe she would dare to refuse his offer of marriage, unexpected, or even repugnant, as that offer might have been.

Granted that her heart was given to her first lover, Edmund Standen. She would conquer that fancy as she had conquered it before, when she married Sir Aubrey Perriam. Granted that her heart could never belong to Mr. Bain any more than it had belonged to Sir Aubrey. Shadrach Bain could do without her heart.

"I have never had a particular fancy for hearts," the land-steward said to himself, "but I want those outlying lands—the lands my father and I have put together—land bought judiciously, and improved so carefully that it yields four and a half per cent. I want to be master where I have been servant. I want to hand over my office to my son and my head clerk, and wash my hands of Monkhampton and drudgery. I want to sit down upon my own acres, and have a pretty wife to head my table, and ride to hounds three times a week, and be called squire instead of lawyer."

These desires were the sum of Mr. Bain's ambition, and he fancied that he was on the threshold of his commonplace Paradise. It was his conviction that Lady Perriam dared not refuse him any thing.

"First and foremost—and there lies the main-spring of my machine—there is a secret, a secret connected with Sir Aubrey's death. What it is I hardly care to know. Perhaps better not to know it. My power is the same, so long as she believes I know it. Secondly, poor old half-witted Mordred Perriam has some inkling of her secret, and that's why she has kept him so close, and has taken such care to keep me from seeing him, and would have very little objection to shut him up in a lunatic asylum if she could do it safely. Thirdly, that Mrs. Carter, who I believe is a poor relation of Lady Perriam's, is in some manner concerned in this secret. Between the old man and his nurse I might unravel the mystery, I dare say, if I set about it. But there's no occasion for that. Lady Perriam's face told me enough the other day. Whatever her secret is, she gives me credit for knowing it, and fears me with all her heart and soul—fears me so much that she will marry me, and be ruled by me for the rest of her life. If not out of love, out of fear."

Thus mused Shadrach Bain as he rode to Perriam Place. The woman at the lodge swung open the gate, and dropped her lowest courtesy as he entered the avenue. All the servants at The Place felt that Mr. Bain was more or less their master. He had taken upon himself the duties of house-steward since Sir Aubrey's illness, and had contrived to retain those duties even after Sir Aubrey's death. He paid the servants their wages, and they believed that they would have to depart at his dismissal.

Occupied as he was with his own schemes, Mr. Bain marked the lodge-keeper's profound reverence, and felt the sweetness of power.

"A nice sinecure that woman has," he said to himself; "nothing to do but mind her own children, and open and shut that gate half a dozen times a day. That's one of the evils of a large estate. There are always more cats than can catch mice."

Perriam Place looked its grandest in the broad mid-day sunshine, the parterres in the Italian garden ablaze with flowers, the statues and marble balustrade of the terraces steeped in sunlight.

"A fine old house," thought Mr. Bain; "nothing of the mushroom about that. It would be something to inhabit such a place, even if one were but a tenant on sufferance."

The hall doors stood wide open, but the sleek footman who was wont to lounge in the vestibule was not visible to-day. Mr. Bain had to ring the bell for some one to come and look after his horse, whereupon, after a pause of some three minutes, during which Mr. Bain rang a second time, the well-fed servitor made his appearance, with something of a guilty look.

"Have you all grown deaf?" asked Mr. Bain, with stern reproof. "Take my horse, and tell Morris to make him comfortable. I sha'n't want him for an hour or so. You needn't announce me; I know my way to Lady Perriam's morning-room."

Mr. Bain pushed past the dumfounded servitor, and mounted the stairs. He had not given the man time to answer, nor could the man follow Mr. Bain to give him any information, for he had the horse's bridle in his hand, and knew not what manner of brute that quadruped might be, or whether it might not career off, and rampage across the Italian parterre, and knock down a statue or two, if haply let free.

So Mr. Bain mounted the stairs with the lover's impatient footsteps, and went straight to Lady Perriam's morning-room, which he found empty.

There was utter silence in the corridor; no murmur of the youthful St. John's voice, which was wont to be audible either in plaint or rejoicing. Mr. Bain went on to the day nursery, a large, airy room, not far from Lady Perriam's apartments. The nursery was also empty, and had, moreover, an orderly look: every thing in its place, swept and garnished—the look of a deserted nursery.

Mr. Bain stared round him, aghast, and then rang the bell vehemently.

It was answered by the chief house-maid, a vinegar-faced person who had been accustomed to wait on Lady Perriam before Sir Aubrey's death—a person who had been superseded after that event by Céline, the French maid.

"Goodness gracious, Sir, how you did startle me!" exclaimed the house-maid, "ringing that precious bell. The house seemed as if it was haunted, Mrs. Tringfold being gone, and this room empty, to the best of my belief."

"Mrs. Tringfold gone! What do you mean, woman?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bain, my name is Betsy Dyke, and I should thank you to call me by it. You may be ever so surprised, and I grant it's natural you should feel surprised, but I don't like such an epitaph as that flung at me."

The "epitaph" was the generic term "woman," which Mr. Bain had hurled at the damsel somewhat roughly.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Tringfold has gone away—left Perriam Place?" he asked, without noticing the reproof.

"Yes, Sir, left yesterday evening by the London train."

"Then who is nursing Sir St. John?"

"Sir St. John left too, Sir, yesterday evening by the London train."

"What did they go away for? where are they going? who sent them?" gasped the steward, breathless with angry agitation.

"Nobody knows that but Lady Perriam. She arranged it all, and she went with them."

"Lady Perriam has gone to London, has she?" said Mr. Bain, slowly recovering self-control and composure. "She has gone away for a little change of air, I suppose, as I recommended her to do ever so long ago. She has gone rather suddenly at last, and that's just a lady's way of acting. There's nothing so difficult as to get a woman to make up her mind; but when she does make up her mind, she always does it in a hurry. Did Lady Perriam tell any one—the housekeeper for instance—where she was going, and how long she meant to be away?"

"Lady Perriam didn't tell any body any thing, Sir. She was always a lady to keep things close, and she has been closer than usual lately. Mrs. Tringfold and that blessed child was whisked off at an hour's notice—things packed anyhow. One would have thought Lady Perriam was running away from some danger."

"An impetuous way of doing things, certainly," said Mr. Bain, now completely master of his emotions; "but I dare say, after such a hurried departure, Lady Perriam will not be long absent. And now I'll go and speak to Mrs. Carter. I have a little bit of business to arrange with her."

"You wanted to speak to Mrs. Carter, Sir? Didn't you know that she has left The Place?"

"Mrs. Carter! What, has she left too?"

"Yes, Sir. She went away with Mr. Perriam and a strange gentleman the day before yesterday."

Mr. Bain questioned the house-maid closely, and heard the story of Mordred's removal, so far as Betsy Dyke could tell it: how a strange gentleman, who looked like a clergyman or a doctor, had come to The Place in the afternoon of the day before yesterday, how he and Lady Perriam had been closeted together for an hour or more, and how the order had then been given for the carriage to be ready at seven o'clock; and how at that time Mr. Perriam had been led down to the hall between the stranger and Mrs. Carter, and those three had gone off together in the carriage, which took them to the Monkhampton station, and there deposited them.

"By Heaven! she has made a clean sweep of it," thought Mr. Bain, when he had listened, with seeming carelessness, to this story, set forth at considerable length and with much circumlocution by the house-maid; "but she is not so clever a woman as I think her if she counts upon escaping me so easily. She can't leave Perriam Place, or my dominion, very long without leaving five thousand a year behind her—the dowry she perjured herself to win—and she'll hardly do that, I fancy."

As yet Mr. Bain had heard nothing of Edmund Standen's departure. He therefore lacked the key-note to Lady Perriam's flight.

"I think there's a letter for you, Sir," said Betsy Dyke, whose mind had been considerably relieved by the letting off of sundry spiteful insinuations against the mistress who had discarded her services. "I seem to remember seeing one on the chimney-piece in Lady Perriam's morning-room when I dusted it this morning."

"Seem to remember!" exclaimed the agent. "You might have remembered it a little sooner, I should think, if you had your wits about you."

He went in quest of the letter himself. Yes, there lay the envelope in Sylvia's clear, bold handwriting, sealed with the Perriam arms.

Shadrach Bain tore open the envelope with fingers which, for this once in his well-ordered life, trembled a little. He devoured those carefully studied lines, glanced at the postscript with eyes which gleamed with anger, and then from between his clinched teeth there hissed forth a single word which was not good to hear—an epithet more objectionable than that against which Betsy, the house-maid, had protested.

"Does she think she can be so easily rid of me," he said, in his deep inward whisper, "knowing what I know, or suspecting what I suspect, which comes to the same thing? Does she count upon flinging me off as lightly as if we stood on equal terms? She avows her love for Standen—blazons it even! She could hardly do that if he and she had not come to an understanding—had not made their plans for the future. She dares to speak of Sir Aubrey, too—her esteem, her reverence, her gratitude! How did she prove these? It shall be my task to answer that question, ay, and to publish my answer to all the world, unless she is wise."

The postscript angered him even more than the letter.

"What a designing jade," he muttered, "to get me to give her the name of a safe tool, and then use him without my help. But I'll unearth this poor wretch Mordred, and wring her secret out of him, if, as I suspect, he knows it. First to follow her, though—hunt her down before she has put the barrier of a second marriage between her fortune and me."

What Mr. Bain suspected was a matter which he kept to himself; but whatever it was, he was not unwilling to take Sylvia Perriam for his wife. She was the loveliest woman he had ever seen, and the wealthiest, who had ever come within his orbit. He could manage to make light of a little peccadillo which with most men would have been a stumbling-block in the rosy path to the altar.

"There are not many who would marry her, suspecting what I suspect," he told himself, meditatively, as he thrust that crumpled letter into his pocket.

"But then most men are poltroons in their dealings with women," he argued. "I am no more afraid of her than those Indian snake-charmers of the serpents they hang round their necks."

He went down stairs, saw the housekeeper, spoke very lightly of Lady Perriam's departure, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world, ascertained that there was no information to be had in this quarter, and left The Place with his usual steady bearing. Yet the world was considerably changed for him, and he no longer felt sure of those outlying lands which he and his father had worked and schemed, with infinite astuteness and calculation, to add to the Perriam estate.

One thing, however, he did feel sure of—that if he did not get the outlying lands he could have revenge.

CHAPTER LVI.

"EITHER I'LL BE THY SLAVE OR THY DESTROYER."

VERY grave was Mr. Bain's aspect as he rode back to Monkhampton: the suppressed smile, a smile of lurking triumph, had vanished from his lips, and there was a look of settled purpose which augured ill for that person whom the steward deemed his enemy. He did not draw rein at his house in the High Street, but rode further into the town, and stopped at another house with more pretension to grandeur than Mr. Bain's substantial and homely dwelling. This house stood a little way back from the street, and had a narrow shrubbery in front of it, guarded by iron railings, and wide gates right and left, and a semicircular gravel sweep for the accommodation of carriages. The dignity of this good old house, as an ancestral mansion, was somewhat compromised by a side door, which had been made on the left of the dining-room windows—a door adorned with a very large brass plate, and at night made conspicuous by a red lamp which burned above it. This was the abode of that well-to-do citizen, Mr. Stimpson, the family practitioner.

It was not long after two o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Stimpson regaled himself with a comfortable and substantial luncheon, washed down by a glass or so, perchance half a bottle, of his own particular dry sherry. Mr. Stimpson was a family man as well as a family doctor, but he had married late in life, and his habits had been formed without reference to Mrs. Stimpson or the little Stimpsons. So while the wife and children had their noisy, boisterous meal in the dining-room, the doctor took his chop and his pint of sherry comfortably in his snuggery, where he could not be pestered by rude boys demanding potatoes, or shrill girls swamping the doubtfully clean table-cloth with small beer.

Mr. Bain was lucky enough to find Mr. Stimpson still lingering over his cozy little luncheon, trifling with a biscuit, and digging choice morsels out of the cavernous depths of a Stilton cheese, one of those choice Stiltons with which grateful patients occasionally rewarded Mr. Stimpson's labors.

"Sit down, Bain," he said, with friendly familiarity, "and help yourself to a glass of that sherry. No sugar there, Sir; no brandy; no suppressed gout or heart-burn in that wine. Nothing wrong at home, I hope. You're looking pale. Miss Bain keeps up pretty well under her heavy responsibilities—admirable young lady, a pattern to all Monkhampton."

"Yes, my daughters are very well. They are good girls."

"Excellent girls, Sir; first-rate girls—girls such as you don't often meet with nowadays," said the doctor, bursting with enthusiasm, and with the air of knowing a good deal more about the Misses Bain than their father himself was aware of.

"My family are well enough, I am happy to say," said Mr. Bain, after he had drunk a glass of the doctor's favorite sherry, an acrid fluid which seemed nearly related to some of the doctor's tonics. "I did not come to speak about them."

"Not about yourself, I hope," exclaimed the doctor, running his eye over Mr. Bain with professional scrutiny, not uneager to detect the tokens of some chronic disease which would make Shadrach as profitable a patient as his wife had been.

"Upon a much more serious subject than any ailment of mine."

"Good Heavens, Mr. Bain, you alarm me."

"I shall give you better cause for alarm, perhaps, before I have done," said Mr. Bain, gravely. "You know what my position was with Sir Aubrey Perriam?"

"One of entire confidence, I am aware."

"Yes, and of more than confidence—of affection. I served him and I honored him as I have never served or honored any other man. I was proud to think of him as my master—from my boyhood I had made it the study of my life to watch his interests. After his paralytic seizure I became, as you know, his right hand. His helplessness drew us nearer together. I felt as if I were attending the decline of a beloved father."

"Highly creditable to your heart and head," said the doctor, warmly, wondering what was the drift of these remarks, which seemed to lead nowhere in particular.

"You may remember that when you advised my taking my poor wife to Cannes, on the second occasion, I somewhat shrank from doing so, though it is not my habit to recoil from the performance of a duty, be it ever so onerous. The fact was that I did not like to leave my old friend and employer in his broken-down condition. It may have been a foreboding, perhaps even a warning intended to deter me; but I certainly felt a profound disinclination to leave him, even for a few weeks. Judge, then, of my horror when I returned and heard he was dead."

"A sad blow, doubtless," exclaimed Mr. Stimpson, wondering more and more at the drift of this lamentation.

"I heard that he was dead—suddenly, unexpectedly snatched away. Before I returned he had been huddled into his grave."

"Don't say huddled into his grave," protested Mr. Stimpson. "The funeral, though strictly private, was performed in excellent style. I attended it myself, remember. There was absolutely nothing wanting."

"Yes, there was one thing—an inquest upon the dead man."

"An inquest?—quite uncalled for, my dear Bain. Granted Sir Aubrey's death came upon us somewhat unexpectedly at last, still it was not to be ranked among sudden deaths. He was a confirmed invalid, and in a condition in which he might go off at any moment without astonishing any medical man acquainted with his constitution. The heart had been feeble for a long time. I have very little doubt that the heart was the immediate cause of death."

"Don't you think a *post-mortem* examination would have been better than speculation or theory upon such a question as that?"

"A *post-mortem* examination could not have brought Sir Aubrey back to life, and it would have given extreme pain to Lady Perriam."

"I perceive. You considered the living rather than the dead."

"I could do nothing for the dead, but I could spare useless and needless pain to the living," answered Mr. Stimpson, with offended dignity. He did not like to have his conduct questioned by Mr. Bain.

"And you never tried to understand the cause of Sir Aubrey's death. You took it for granted that he died from heart-disease."

"I did not say heart-disease," said Mr. Stimpson, looking uncomfortable; "I only said that he had a weak heart. There was no organic disease."

"How long had he been dead when you saw him?"

"Some hours. I was not sent for till morning, and he died shortly after midnight. I found Lady Perriam in a fearful state of distress; the shock had been almost fatal to her. If I had not thought more of the living than the dead at that time, she would have been in a brain-fever, very likely, before the day was out."

"You gave your attention, therefore, to the living patient, and did not trouble yourself about the dead?"

"There was nothing for me to do."

"You made no examination of the body?"

"To what end? I would not disturb the repose of the dead. Mrs. Carter had performed the necessary offices. Sir Aubrey's limbs had been composed in their last rest for some hours when I saw him."

"Oh, Mrs. Carter laid him out, did she? Where was his faithful old valet, Chapelain? Why did not he assist in that last sad office?"

"He was confined to his bed by an attack of gout—a victim, I very much fear, to intemperance. He left Perriam Place before the funeral, a thoroughly broken man, to go back to

France, most liberally rewarded, though Sir Aubrey's will had not yet been read. Lady Perriam rewarded his fidelity from her own purse."

"Sir Aubrey was much changed, I suppose? You did not glance at his face, perhaps?"

"Yes, I looked at the face. The room was somewhat dark, but I did perceive a change, a more marked change than death usually makes."

"Did that give rise to no suspicion in your mind?"

"Good Heavens! no. What suspicion could arise from it?"

"That Sir Aubrey had not come by his death fairly."

"Mr. Bain, are you mad?"

"I hope not; but I have brooded upon the subject of my employer's sudden and, to my mind, mysterious death until it has assumed an awful shape in my mind. Why were you not sooner summoned to that death-bed? Why were hours suffered to elapse? Why was the corpse laid out before they took the trouble to send for you?"

"I attribute any thing unusual in the circumstances to Lady Perriam's prostrate state at the time," said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps I am wrong. Pray do not for a moment imagine that I suspect Lady Perriam. Not for the world would I harbor such a thought. She is doubtless as innocent as she is beautiful. Never did I hear Sir Aubrey utter a complaint against her. Never did I hear her repine at her lot. The person I suspect is Mrs. Carter—that smooth, silent time-server."

"A singularly reserved person, I admit. But I can not see what motive she could have for harming Sir Aubrey."

"She may have believed that his will had provided for her. In some moment of childishness he may have made her some promise which kindled avarice, and inspired murder."

Mr. Stimpson brushed up his few gray hairs with an agitated movement of his hands till they literally stood on end. Very pale, very fearful looked Mr. Stimpson as he clutched the decanter and poured out another glass of the dry sherry wherewith to fortify himself against the horror of Shadrach Bain's suggestion.

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed. "Why do you come here to alarm me with such a cock-and-bull story, simply because I respected the feelings of a refined and delicate lady, and took some trouble to save her the torture of a coroner's inquest? What is your motive in coming here with such insinuations, Mr. Bain?"

"Simply to put you on your guard. I thought from the first that there was something wrong about Sir Aubrey's death. Circumstances that have occurred of late have gone very far to confirm this opinion. I thought it my duty to warn you. In the event of any revelation some discredit might fall upon you—you might be accused of want of care. Take my advice, Mr. Stimpson, and not a word of this to any one till you hear more from me, or from some one else. Good-day to you. I've some particular business to transact down street, and can't stop any longer."

"Mr. Bain—my dear Bain—for goodness' sake, be more explicit," cried the doctor, piteously. But Shadrach Bain had left the room before his appeal was finished, leaving the family practitioner in a state of collapse.

"I think I've laid the train neatly there," the lawyer said to himself, as he walked away from the surgeon's in the direction of the bank. "If Lady Perriam changes her mind, and comes into my way of thinking, it will be easy enough to withdraw all I have said. If not, it is the beginning of the machine that shall destroy her."

He went to the bank, paid in two or three small checks which he had carried in his pocket for a week or two, and then asked if he could see Mr. Standen.

"Mr. Standen is not in Monkhampton. Would Mr. Philpotts do?" asked the clerk.

"No. I wanted to see Mr. Standen himself, particularly. Will he be back in a day or two, do you think?"

"I've no idea; but I'll ask Mr. Philpotts if you like. I dare say he knows," said the clerk, civilly, anxious to oblige so good a customer—one who in some measure represented the Perriam estate.

"Do, there's a good fellow; and if you can find out where he has gone, I shall be doubly obliged."

The clerk vanished into an inner room, and speedily re-appeared, smiling.

"Mr. Philpotts had a letter this morning, Sir. Mr. Standen is not expected back just yet. He's at Antwerp."

"At Antwerp?"

"Yes, Sir; on a tour, I suppose. His letter was from Antwerp. He might be leaving directly to go up the Rhine, but he wrote from the Hôtel Peter Paul, Antwerp."

"Thank you—that 'll do. I'll write to him by this afternoon's post. I wanted to consult him about a little bit of land contiguous to the Dean House property. Good-morning."

Shadrach Bain went back to his own house. He knew all that Monkhampton could help him to discover.

"At Antwerp!" he thought; "at Antwerp. The chances are that those two—Lady Perriam and Edmund Standen—are acting in concert, and that she has gone after him. Where else can she have gone? She boldly avows her affection for him in her letter to me. She has gone to join him at Antwerp, to be married to him most likely, if I don't prevent it. But it 'll be strange if I can't put a stop to that marriage. I wonder how often the steamers go to Antwerp? Stay! the quicker way would be to go from Dover to Ostend, and then on by rail. Yes, that shall be my route, and I must get to Dover in time for to-night's mail."

The agent was a man prompt in action. He went to his office, gave verbal instructions and a page or so of written memoranda to his clerks, told them he had to go to Belgium on business for a few days, or possibly more than a few days, gave instructions as to the forwarding of letters and telegrams, packed his portmanteau, announced his departure to his astonished children, ate a mutton-chop, though with the smallest inclination for that sustenance, and was at the station in time for the 3.45 train, which reached London at a quarter to eight, time enough for him to catch the mail for Dover.

At midnight he was standing on the deck of the fast little steamer, speeding over moon-lit waves in the balmy August air, and meditating upon the course that lay before him.

He followed Sylvia Perriam with a settled purpose. If he failed to win her for his wife, he meant to denounce her. That which had been only a dark suspicion in his mind was now almost certainty.

It was his firm belief that Sir Aubrey Perriam had come to an untimely end at his wife's hands.

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The shocking intelligence of the assassination of the Rev. John L. Stephens, a missionary of the American Board, in the town of Ahualulco, Mexico, has been received by telegraph. Mr. Stephens went to his field of labor from California in 1872. In company with his associate, the Rev. David Watkins, he fixed his headquarters at Guadalajara, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, 275 miles northwest of the City of Mexico. Both missionaries were kindly received by the state officials, and found ready access to the people. The priests soon, however, began to stir up their fanatical followers, and before long Messrs. Stephens and Watkins were threatened with violence. A dispatch from Mexico of March 10, by way of Havana March 16, gives the following particulars of the murder: "On the morning of Sunday, the 8th, a priest delivered an incendiary sermon, in the course of which he advocated the extermination of the Protestants. This so excited his hearers that an armed mob of two hundred persons gathered in the evening, and proceeded to the residence of Rev. John L. Stephens. With cries of "Long live the priests!" they broke into the house, and, seizing the clergyman, smashed his head to a jelly, and chopped his body to pieces. They afterward sacked the house, and carried off every thing of value."

The government, which is committed to the maintenance of religious liberty, will no doubt punish the perpetrators of this crime.

The report of the death of Cardinal Tarquini, the Jesuit, is confirmed. He yielded on February 15 to a pulmonary attack. He had held his new office only fifty-five days. Pope Pius IX. has made in all ninety-five cardinals, of whom as many as forty-eight have died. According to the London *Tablet*, Tarquini "filled for twenty years the chair of canon law in the Collegio Romano. Etruscan archæology engaged much of his attention. He deciphered and translated the text of more than two hundred Etruscan inscriptions, and made an attempt to fix the method of reading and the grammar of the Etruscan language. He gave to the press, when he was a professor in the Roman College, the *Institutes of Public Ecclesiastical Law*, besides various dissertations on matters on canon law and upon archæological subjects." We have also to chronicle the decease of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda, which took place February 24. He had held this important position for sixteen years. As prefect it was his function to direct the administration of Roman Catholic missions.

A list of the churches invited to take part in the Brooklyn Congregational Council is published. It embraces seventy-nine churches and seventeen ministers without charges. The council will consist of 175 members. Each church is desired to send with its pastor a lay delegate. The names of some of the delegates have been already announced.

The Rev. Richard Smyth, D.D., Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian General Assembly, and a member of the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, has been elected to Parliament from the city of Londonderry. He was at the head of the poll.

The committees on an organic union of the Presbyterian Church of the United States and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met at Nashville on February 25. There was a good attendance. The expediency of union was admitted on both sides. The Cumberland Presbyterian committee proposed that the Confessions of Faith of the two Churches should be accepted as of equal authority in all respects; that the Presbyterian polity and name should be adopted for the united body, and that the property of both Churches should be combined. The Presbyterian committee presented a paper, in which the following, among other statements, were made:

> "It is evident that the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church has been understood in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church to set forth the sovereignty and decrees of God in terms inconsistent with His holiness and benevolence, and with the freedom and accountability of man.
>
> "It is equally evident that it is not so understood in the Presbyterian Church. We appeal to our Church's history and literature and work for evidence that her view of God, as eternal and sovereign, is held together with as solemn views of His holiness, as joyful trust in His goodness, and as thorough conviction of human freedom and accountability as are found in our sister Church, or in any other branch of the Church universal."

The Cumberland committee frankly admitted that the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church had been understood by the Cumberland Presbyterians in this sense, and suggested the expediency of revising the Presbyterian doctrinal standards. To this proposal no direct answer could be given, but it was agreed to recommend to the two General Assemblies a continuance of negotiations.

The province of New Brunswick, in British America, is having its trouble over the question of public education. The Roman Catholic bishops of Halifax, Arichat, St. John, Charlottetown, and Titopolis have issued a pastoral to their people demanding separate education for Catholics. The Education Committee of the Baptist Convention of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island have published a pungent reply to the bishops, in which they give statistics of the results of Roman Catholic education. Some of them are startling, as for instance: "In the Province of Quebec, where the system of education has from the first been largely controlled by ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church, there are, according to the census of 1871, no less than 244,731 persons *over twenty-one years of age* unable to write, and 191,862 *over twenty-one years of age* unable to read. Nearly one-half the adult population unable to write, and more than one-third unable to read! In those parts of our own province where the Bishops of St. John and Chatham, and the priests subject to their control, have been able by the exercise of ecclesiastical authority to prevent the opening of free schools under the law by the people, or, when opened, to shut them up, the population is scarcely, if at all, less illiterate. In the counties of Gloucester and Madawaska, and in large portions of Kent and Westmoreland, about one-half of the population *over twenty-one years of age* can not write their own names."

The bishops will find it no easy task to dispose of these facts.

The *Congregationalist* states that out of 1525 foreign missionaries sent out by the American Board, only eight have died by violence.

The Bishop of Treves has been arrested for violation of the German church laws. The bishops of Germany have issued a circular to their flocks. In this they affirm that the "new ecclesiastical laws violate in essential points the liberty, the constitution, and the doctrine given by God himself to the Church." They totally deny the powers of the state as claimed by the Emperor. We note also that the Bishop of Pernambuco has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Archbishop Ledochowski is still confined at Ostrowo; he is reported to be in poor health.

The statistics of the (Dutch) Reformed Church in America from 1853 to 1873 show a very encouraging growth. In these years the number of ministers has increased from 332 to 501, the congregations from 322 to 581, the families from 26,642 to 41,244, the communicants from 36,597 to 67,123. In the same period of twenty years (1853 to 1873) the number of ministers in the German Reformed Church has increased from 241 to 595, the congregations from 838 to 1315, the communicants from 45,725 to 134,029. Both churches are making rapid progress.

The *Revue Annuelle* of Hindostanee literature, prepared by Professor De Tassy, of Paris, gives evidence of great literary activity among the natives of India. In 1873 no less than twenty-nine productions in Hindostanee obtained prizes from the government. Of these eight were devoted to "Morals," two to "General Education," five to the "Education of Women," two to "Mathematics," two to "Astronomy," and two to "Physics." Several of the essays were translations from English. During last year also thirteen productions in Hindostanee by native Christian missionaries were sent to the government in response to an offer of prizes. One of these was a metrical version in the Urdu dialect of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. M. De Tassy states that eighty Hindoo newspapers are published in the northern and central provinces, twenty-five of them in Oude. Among the questions much discussed by the native writers is the expediency of adopting English or a native idiom as the universal language of the country.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In a lecture on "Nervous Diseases," recently delivered in Boston by Dr. Brown-Sequard, he made some statements concerning the conduct of Charles Sumner while under his medical care which reveal the great courage and endurance of the distinguished Senator. The results of the blows inflicted upon his head by Brooks manifested themselves in other parts of the system; and it was deemed necessary to apply counter-irritants to the spine. We quote briefly from Dr. Brown-Sequard:

> "I told him the best plan of treatment would consist in the application of moxas, the most painful application to the skin. I asked him if he would not take chloroform to dull the pain, or remove it altogether. I shall always remember his impressive assent when I said that. He said: 'Doctor, if you can say positively that I shall derive just as much benefit if I take chloroform as if I do not, then I will take chloroform; but if there is to be any degree whatever of greater amelioration in case I don't take chloroform, then I shall not take it.' I did not have the courage to deceive him. I told him there would be more good if he didn't take chloroform; so I had to submit him to the martyrdom of the greatest suffering that can be inflicted by medical practice, and burned him. I thought that after the torture of the first time he would use chloroform, but, for five times after, in accordance with his own determination, the operation was performed without it. I never saw a patient before that would submit to such a thing.... I have mentioned this only to show what kind of a man he was. And I will only add that I have seen him always since to be ready to submit to any thing for the sake of what he thought was right, and in other spheres you all know that such was his character about every thing."

The Hampton colored singers recently stopped at a hotel in Troy; whereupon the waiters refused to serve them at table. The proprietor informed the boarders of the state of things, and several ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services. The singers remonstrated, saying that some of their own number would serve the table. The boarders, however, performed the kindly offices with great efficiency.

Bald Mountain, in the western part of North Carolina, has caused the most intense excitement by giving alarming indications of an approaching eruption.

The friendly relations of England with Russia have had the effect of introducing into some of the large cities of the British Isles several rare articles of food. At a dinner given in Edinburgh not long ago the "menu" included haunches of white bear and wild boar, and various specimens of fish from the Russian waters, including "zakoushis," which in Russia take the place of oysters, and are composed of a great variety of native products. The flesh of the bear was pronounced to resemble "corned beef," while that of the boar was not unlike mutton.

In all the railroad stations in Boston charity boxes are placed conspicuously on the side where the inward trains enter. On them is this notice, "Books and papers left here will be sent to the hospitals." The papers are inspected before they are sent to the hospitals, only respectable journals being circulated.

The measures adopted to avoid snow blockades on that part of the Union Pacific Railroad which crosses the Rocky Mountains have been very effective. From November 1, 1873, to March 1, 1874, the passenger trains did not fail in a single instance to connect with the Central Pacific trains on the west end, and with the Iowa trains on the east.

In a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher said that Charles Sumner once made this remark to him: "People think that Washington is such a corrupt place, but I don't believe it is so. I have lived here fifteen years, and I have never seen a particle of corruption." "And so it was," continued Mr. Beecher. "Sumner was the last man in the world whom a corrupt person would dare approach."

On one occasion when Parepa-Rosa was at a rehearsal, she inquired why a temporary flight of stairs was placed in front of the platform. On being informed that it was expressly for her use, she quickly and smilingly replied, "I declare I won't sing unless I can come in *with the rest of the girls!*"

Paintings by Turner, Reynolds, and many other masters were destroyed in the Pantechnicon in London, which was burned in February. The warehouses which formed the vast structure known as the Pantechnicon occupied two acres in extent. It contained, stored in extensive rooms, all kinds of goods—valuable carpets, jewels, plate, carriages, works of art, and collections of pictures.

In Russia Friday is regarded as a lucky day, which accounts, in part, for its being selected as the wedding-day of the Grand Duchess. The Duke of Edinburgh, however, did not at all fancy that day, but seems to have yielded his wishes to the family of his bride.

During the Tichborne trial the circulation of the leading daily penny papers of London increased 40,000 copies. The interesting calculation has been made that people have wasted in reading the reports of this trial time enough for them to have acquired a couple of languages, or read the best classic works of English literature.

A public aquarium is to be erected at Liverpool at an estimated cost of £45,000.

They have extraordinary children in Tennessee. One recently died in Memphis at the tender age of two months; yet a local paper tells its readers that "she rose as a star, and beamed lucently with meteoric resplendency along the horizon of her parents, lighting their pathway with the sheen of hope."

Old John Brown's cabin in Kansas has been taken down by the enterprising holder of the land. He sells the wood as relics.

The old Fulton Street Church continues to devote itself to good uses and new ones. On Tuesday afternoons at four o'clock the New York Association of Sunday-school teachers holds in that church a meeting for the purpose of studying the next Sunday's lesson.

"Awkward," "peculiar," "funny," "curious and strange," "slovenly," "slouchy and clumsy," "shuffling and stilty," were some of the terms used to describe the gait of Roger Tichborne by witnesses at the trial. His must have indeed been a peculiar gait.

Three hundred and thirty-eight new members were received into the Brooklyn Tabernacle Church on the Sunday following its dedication.

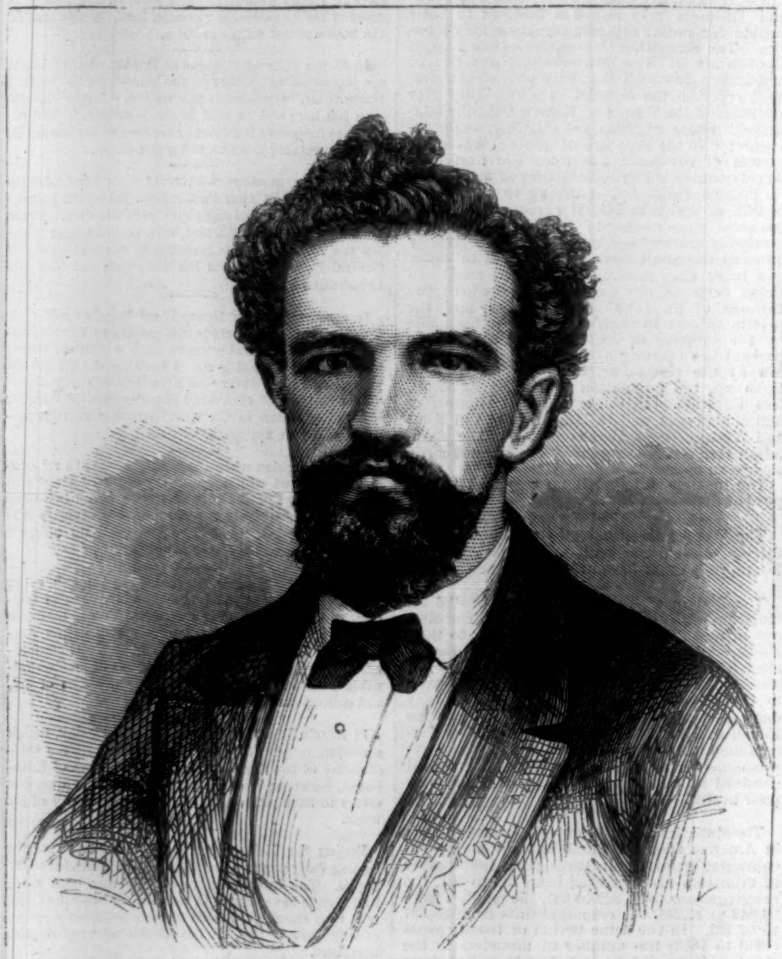
The following letter, written several years ago by Mr. Sumner, illustrates his views on the subject of naming children after great men:

> "My dear ——, —Don't make a mistake. Never name a child after a living man. This is the counsel I give always, and most sincerely. Who knows that I may not fall? I, too, may grow faint, or may turn aside to false gods. I hope not. But this is one of the mysteries of the future. Therefore name your boy some good Christian name—it may be Charles, if you will, for that is general—but do not compel him to bear all his days a label which he may dislike. I once met a strong antislavery youth who bore the name of Martin Van Buren. He was born while New York sat in the Presidential chair, and his father named him after the chief of the land. But the youth did not find the sentiments of the late Mr. Van Buren such as he wished to be associated with. Ever yours,
>
> "Charles Sumner."

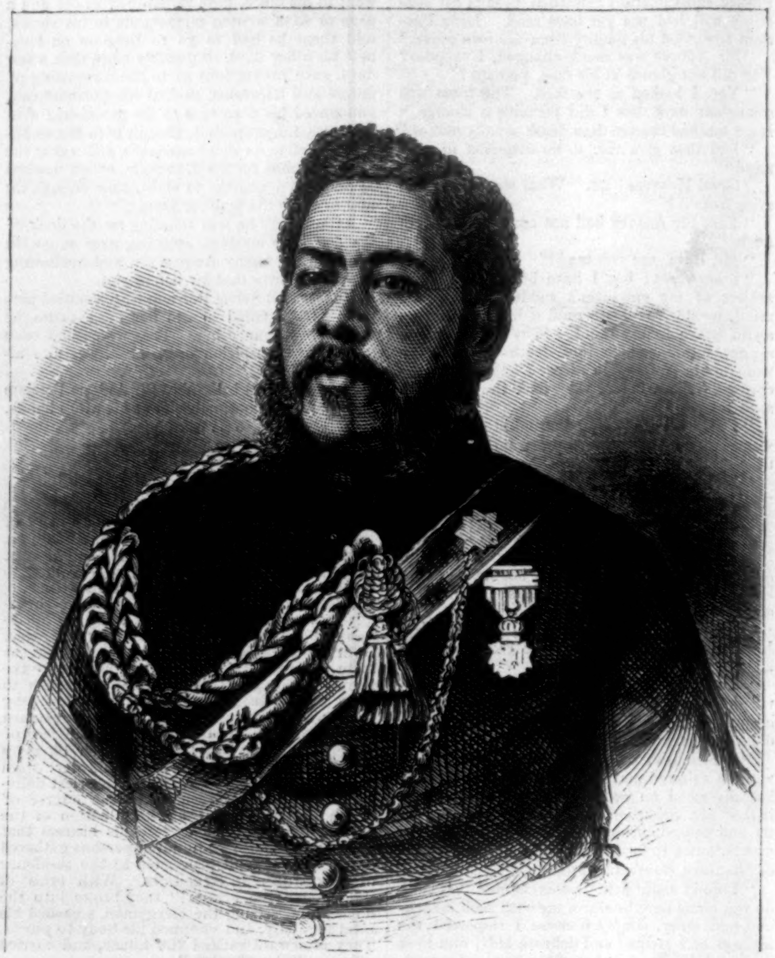
The ice crop of Maine is reported to have reached "enormous proportions." If this be true we trust ice will not be made an unattainable luxury next summer. We see the statement that the amount harvested on the Kennebec will be sufficient to supply the cities of New York and Philadelphia.

Madras is infested with tigers, and there has been a long struggle to exterminate them, which seems to be vain. Various scientific methods have been devised, and cunning plans laid, such as that the animal should shoot himself while eating his dinner, or should swallow a dose of strychnine; but he avoids fire-arms, and strychnine seems to agree with him. The latest contrivance is an inclosure containing "live bait," and the entry so arranged that, in attempting to pass within, a downfall of boulders crushes the tiger. Five have thus been killed.

Sherbrooke was a small village of about five hundred inhabitants, situated in a valley of the St. Mary's River, not many miles from the border line of Halifax County, Nova Scotia. When March came, the heavy snowdrifts of the winter yet lay in the woods and fields about the village. Two or three warm days and a heavy rain sufficed to swell the waters of the St. Mary's River with amazing rapidity. While the inhabitants of Sherbrooke were in anxious suspense, the ice of the still water suddenly broke up, and roaring floods swept down upon the doomed village. The people fled in haste to the high land, while the freshet tore down all but the most substantial structures. That very night a change of weather came, and the next morning Sherbrooke was frozen up in a lake of ruin.



THE LATE REV. J. L. STEPHENS, MURDERED IN MEXICO.—[SEE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE, PAGE 299.]



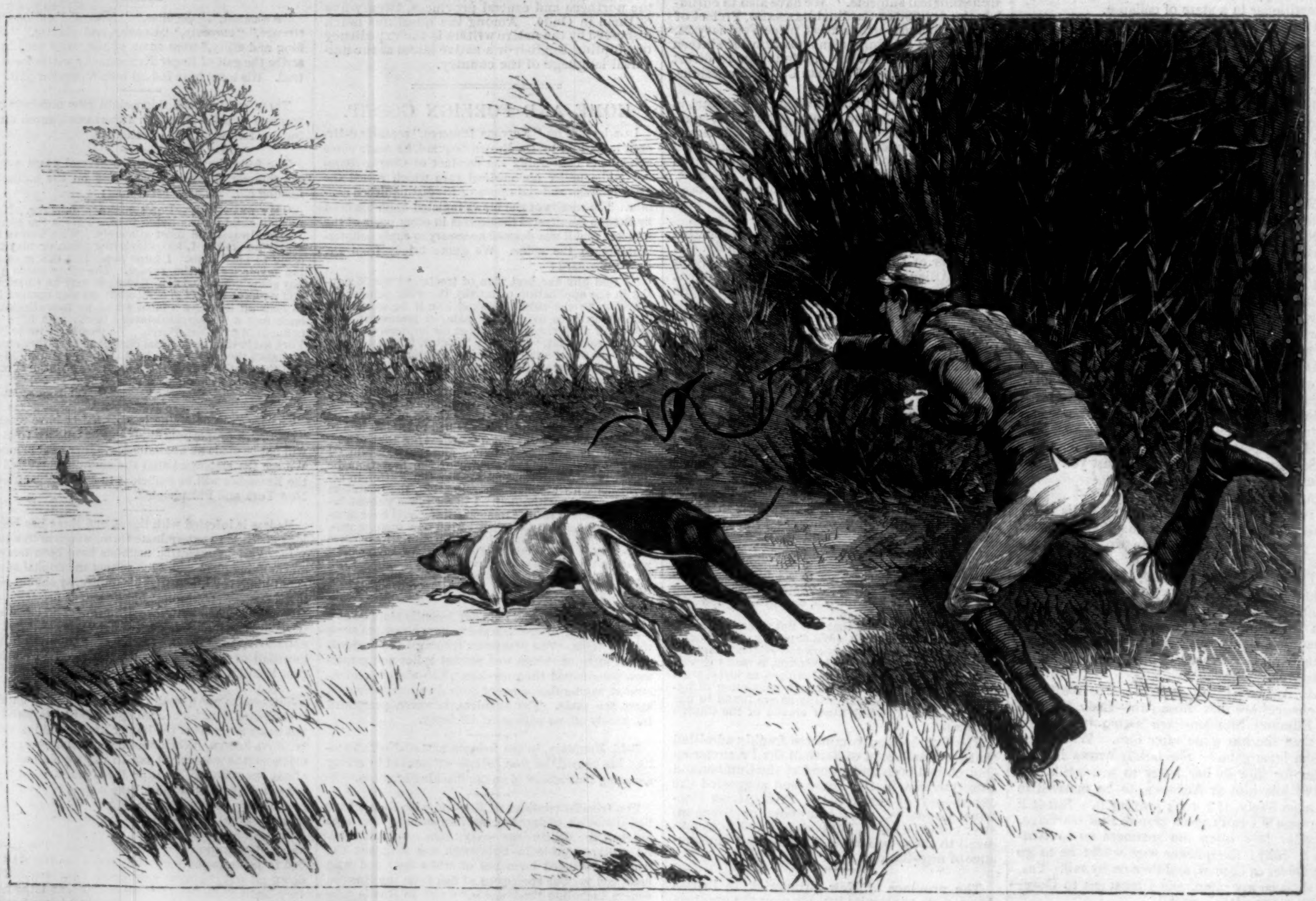
KALAKAUA, KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

COURSING.

THIS is a favorite English sport, and is highly exciting both for the spectators and the backers of the hounds. First there is the gathering together at the meet of the variously constructed vehicles for the conveyance of the greyhounds; then comes an opening of doors, and the lithe and graceful creatures are released from their confinement, to be led about, carefully wrapped in their warm clothing, and minutely inspected by anxious masters or admiring backers. Then the signal is given for the first couple to be in slips, and in a few minutes the slipper, a most important personage, is seen, accompanied by his charges, moving to his post, which in down country usually consists of a couple of hurdles placed on end at the bottom of a field of turnips, or some such cover, at the top of which the beaters are placed. The judge takes his station, and at a given signal the beaters commence moving down the fields in order to drive the hare toward the spot where the slipper stands hidden behind his screen. Suddenly out pops puss, and all is excitement. The slipper starts from his post, and endeavors to set the dogs on the hare. Perhaps only one catches sight, and the anxiety of its companion to do the same often brings man and dogs into a confused knot, and puss gets away for the time; but when both dogs have fairly viewed their game, then come a few moments of eager straining on the slips, till the hare has been given sufficient law; then the cord is pulled, the hand thrown up, the "slip" is made, and, like bolts from a cross-bow, the dogs are launched upon their course. And now, mounted on his powerful hunter, and clad in pink, and velvet cap, the judge is seen to leave his post, and at almost racing pace he follows the straining trio, marking with practiced eye each point and wrench, until the final rush is made, and poor puss lies dead, or gets into cover. Then the winning color, red or white, as the case may be, is signaled to the field by the flag-bearer, a fresh couple of dogs are put in slips, and the sport begins again, until the final heat is run, and the victor of the course declared. Though popular, the sport is, after all, a cruel kind of amusement.

KING KALAKAUA.

PRINCE DAVID KALAKAUA, who has just been elected King of the Sandwich Islands, is a native chief, and stands first in rank in the kingdom by virtue of his blood. He has been prominent in the political affairs of the islands, and was the rival of the late king after the death of KAMEHAMEHA V. KALAKAUA is a man of education, of better physical stamina than the late king, of good habits, vigorous will, and a strong determination to maintain the independence of the islands, in which he is supported by the people, who are of like mind with him on this point. He opposed the proposed cession of Pearl Harbor to this country, but is well disposed toward Americans.



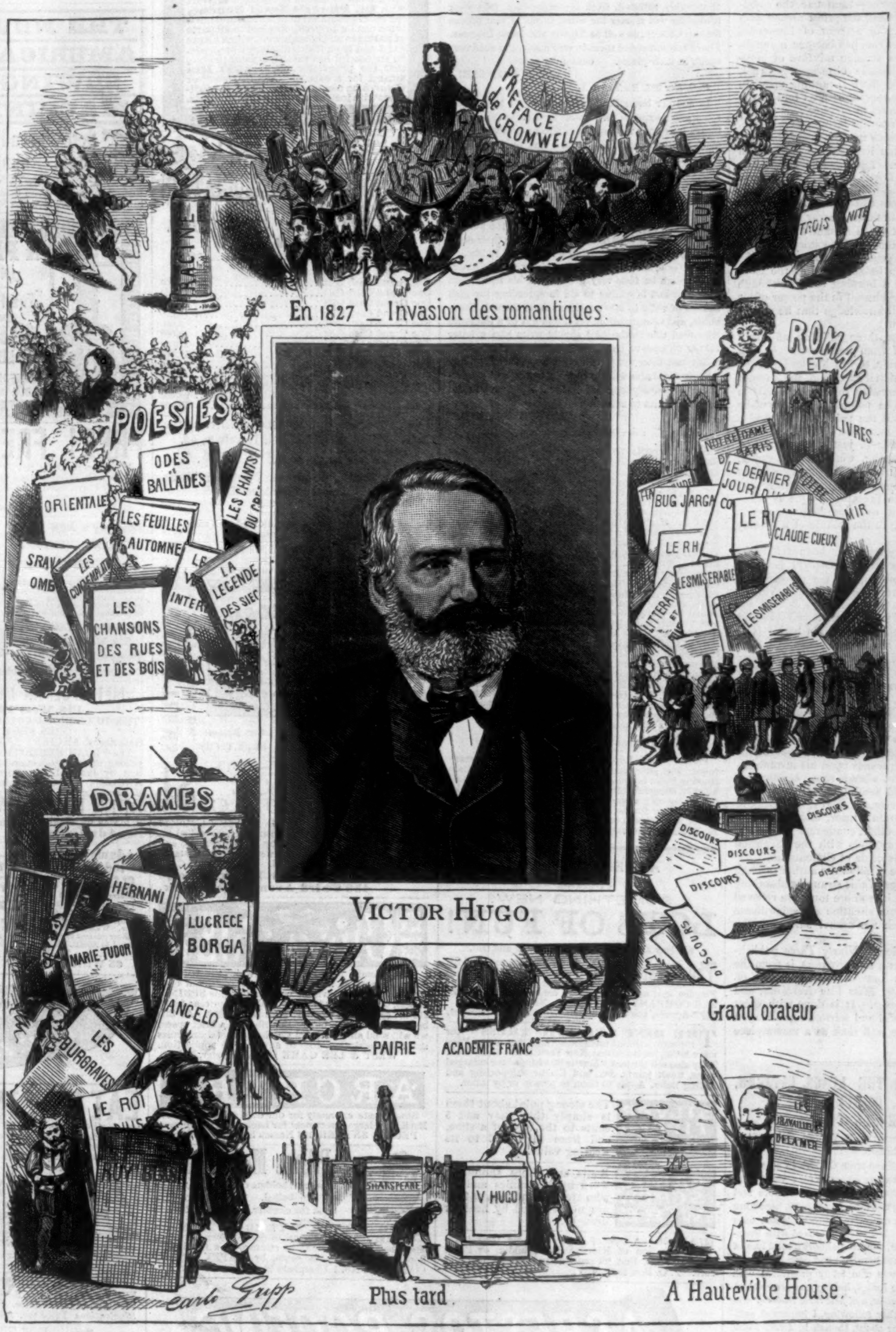
COURSING—"THE SLIP."

VICTOR HUGO'S NEW NOVEL.

A new book by **Victor Hugo** is a great event in the world of literature. As a discriminating English critic of *L'Année Terrible* has said, "no great imaginative writer, not **Milton** himself, has struck so deeply with the roots of his imagination into the life and struggles of his time and country, the practical matters of politics, social philosophy, and religion." No book of his represents the author more completely on these matters than the one he has just sent forth, to which he has given the suggestive title, *Ninety-Three.*

Before we speak of the book, a word concerning the author himself and the series of sketches that surround his portrait on this page. He was born in Besançon, an ancient and picturesque city of France, on the 26th of February, 1802. The son of an officer in the French army, who attained the rank of general under the First Empire, his own life has been a constant warfare. He is a soldier of human progress. His first important work, the drama of *Cromwell*, published in 1827, was accompanied with a preface in which he threw down the gauntlet to the classical school of poets, and became the acknowledged leader of the romantic school. His claim to this distinction was strengthened the following year by the publication of *Les Orientales*, a work unrivaled in French literature in point of artistic brilliancy. This was followed by *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, which fascinated the public by its vivid and harrowing delineations of the mental tortures of a man doomed to execution. The decisive victory of this singular and bitter war was achieved in 1830, when **Victor Hugo**'s drama of *Hernani*, in the face of strenuous opposition, was produced at the French theatre. From that moment the classical school was doomed; the romanticists triumphed in every encounter. The year 1831 was the brightest period of his literary life. In that year he won another great dramatic triumph with *Marion Delorme*, while his exquisite lyrical poems, *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, and his magnificent novel of *Notre Dame de Paris*, were received with enthusiastic and almost universal applause. True, there were some dissenting voices. The great German poet, **Goethe**, condemned the novel on the ground that it lacked the serenity of art, while **Heine** declared that **Hugo** lacked the three distinguishing elements of French genius — elegance, grace, and good taste; but, as **Castelar** well remarks, we can easily forgive the want of these qualities in one who possesses others infinitely superior. At that time, and for twenty-two years afterward, **Hugo** resided in the Place Royale, in Paris. His house, adorned with splendid and beautiful works of art, was the rendezvous of the most celebrated men of letters, art, science, and politics—a brilliant circle, which clustered around him like planets around a sun. He was happily married, and his life was without a cloud.

In 1841 he was elected to the French Academy, in the face of great opposition from the members attached to the traditions of the old classic school, over which he had so signally triumphed ten years before; and having thus reached the highest literary honors to which a Frenchman can aspire, he now indulged in political aspirations, which were partly gratified by his being created, in 1845, a peer of France by **Louis Philippe**—a paltry honor beside his grand achievements in literature. On the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 he was elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly, and generally acted with the conservative party, but on his re-election to the Legislative Assembly his democratic and radical tendencies began to develop. In speeches remarkable for their vehement eloquence he denounced the secret underhand policy of President **Bonaparte**, and foretold too truly the re-establishment of the empire. Compelled after the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, to flee from France, he sought refuge in the island of Jersey, where, while resuming his literary pursuits, he continued his warfare against **Louis Napoleon**, publishing in 1852 his *Napoleon the Little*, and in 1853 his bitter satires, *Les Châtiments.* Two years later, in consequence of some hostile manifestation to the French government, he was compelled to remove to the island of Guernsey, where, with the exception of a short time during the recent war between France and Germany, he has since continued to reside. Of his life in this pleasant place of exile—an exile which may be called partly voluntary, since he refused to accept the amnesty offered to political exiles in 1859—an account was given in a late number of *Harper's Weekly.* Here were produced the grandest fruits of his imagination, *Les Miserables, Les Travailleurs de la Mer, L'Année Terrible*—the latter composed for the most part during the awful period of conflict about and within the walls of Paris—and *Ninety-Three*, his latest, and in some aspects his greatest, work.



Victor Hugo is not only the grandest figure in French literature; the compeer of **Homer**, **Dante**, and **Shakspeare**, he towers a colossus above all the men of his time, dwarfs them by the immensity of his intellect, the sublimity of his imagination, and the grandeur of his achievements. Glance at the design upon this page, in which the artist, with French vivacity of conception and execution, has depicted the record of his life, from his early triumph over the conventional classicists to the present time, and note the number and marvelous variety of his achievements in different fields of literary activity! Underneath the portrait the two chairs, that of a peer of France and that of the Academy, symbolize the honors he has achieved in politics and literature; and the artist not too rashly anticipates the verdict of posterity in representing the poetic statue raised beside **Dante**'s and **Shakspeare**'s.

Victor Hugo's habits of composition are peculiar. "He rarely," says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, "makes use of the pen. He works with the brain, and not with the hand. When composing his works he paces the floor of his room, holding high his Olympian head, and sniffing the air like **Job**'s charger, dictating to a secretary sitting at a desk in one corner. He dictates very slowly sentence by sentence....... **Victor Hugo** works incessantly, wearing out two secretaries when pressed for time, and he eats as heartily as any man alive. The amount of fish he consumes by himself would supply a small family, and his beefsteaks are of old-fashioned dimensions. After all, there is nothing like a good appetite and an excellent digestion, especially when one rises at five o'clock in the morning and works until midnight. On the morning his son died **Hugo** was correcting his proofs, and he went back to the work the moment he returned from the cemetery. But reflecting persons will not find in this a thought of callousness, for the stricken father was doubtless trying to make his work a rampart against his grief."

Victor Hugo's latest novel, *Ninety-Three*, is a work of marvelous power. The subject was difficult and perilous, the choice of which would be justified only by success. The year '93, the terrible year of modern times, when all France went mad, and the land was overrun with rapine and murder, was crowded with horrors, of which the bare recital makes the blood run cold, and the theme was so likely, as an English critic remarks, to emphasize the defects incident to **Victor Hugo**'s mighty genius, so likely to provoke an exaggeration of those mannerisms of thought no less than of phrase which, though never ignoble or paltry, yet now and then take something from the incomparable loftiness and sincerity of his work, that it was doing him injustice if one had misgivings as to the result of an attempt, even in his strong hands, to combine fiction with truth in a theme which no French historian, poet, or novelist has ever yet touched without provoking the suspicion that the delirium of that year of Terror still works in the blood of every Frenchman. But the genius of **Victor Hugo** has triumphed over perils and difficulties that would have conquered a less powerful imagination, and in *Ninety-Three* he has given the world a masterpiece of fiction.

The novel is remarkable for the absence of the passion of love. There is no place for lovers in the story. In fact, the work is a succession of pictures rather than a story; yet the reader pursues the fortunes of the leading characters with breathless interest, and having once opened the book, can not lay it down until the tragic end is reached. The scene of the novel is laid in La Vendée, whose vast forests grow under the pencil of this great master of all the more terrible and majestic effects of the world outside humanity into a picture hardly less sombre and mighty in its impressiveness than the ocean pictures of the *Toilers of the Sea*. These forests were towns. They concealed vast subterranean dwellings, whence hundreds and thousands of men would swarm at the call of war, and as mysteriously disappear.

With these sombre and perilous woods for a background, and some terrible incidents of the Vendean war for external machinery, VICTOR HUGO has realized his conception of '93 in three leading types of character—Lantenac, the royalist marquis; Cimourdain, the priest turned Jacobin; and Gauvain, the nephew of Lantenac, who, reared an aristocrat, has become a republican. Lantenac is a strange mixture of heroism, nobility, and diabolic bitterness. Cruel, merciless, unflinching, there is nothing mean in his character. A gunner at sea, as told in the powerful episode printed in another part of this paper, by inattention to the lashing of his gun, causes an accident which nearly wrecks the ship, and then he saves the lives of the crew by an act of heroic daring. Lantenac decorates him with the cross of St. LOUIS for his gallantry, and instantly afterward has him shot for his carelessness. He burns homesteads and villages, shoots men and women, and makes the war one of merciless ferocity. Yet he is a man to hate, not despise. At the beginning of the story he spares three children of a peasant woman, though he orders the mother to be shot, and at the close he saves them from a burning tower, although by so doing he places himself in the power of his enemies, with the full knowledge that he will be instantly put to death.

The story of these three children affords a most touching relief from the sombre coloring of the novel. As a rule, to which even DICKENS affords only an occasional exception, the attempt to make infancy interesting in literature ends in maudlin failure. The painter succeeds, while the novelist fails; but the painter has found a rival in VICTOR HUGO. The chapter in which he describes the children, just out of infancy, awaking, playing, eating, wondering, sleeping, in the solitude of the old tower in which they are imprisoned, is one of the most tender and exquisite passages in literature. One breathes freer while reading it, as if one had come upon a green, sunny glade in the middle of a gloomy forest.

Let the reader contrast this beautiful dream of infancy with the stormy chapters giving a sketch of the Convention, and the powerful description of an interview between ROBESPIERRE, DANTON, and MARAT, the master-spirits of the Reign of Terror. It is hardly conceivable that the same hand should have written both. The most noble figure in the novel is Gauvain. Sent by the Committee of Safety to conduct the war in La Vendée, he is beset with a thousand misgivings. His soul revolts against the slaughter of old men, women, and children to which his orders bind him. Cimourdain, in whose nature pity and mercy have no root, is sent to watch him. When Lantenac, yielding to a humane and heroic impulse, falls into the hands of his enemies, Cimourdain insists upon his instant execution, but Gauvain, after a sharp conflict between reasoning and sentiment, allows him to escape, and for this crime of mercy, Cimourdain, who had been Gauvain's tutor, and who loved him as he loved no other, condemns him to the guillotine. The story ends with the execution of Gauvain and the suicide of Cimourdain.

We have not space to follow the author through the intricate windings of this strangely absorbing story. Its tragedy, its sombre tone, are relieved by the variety of minor situation and subordinate character with which the author surrounds the central figures.

The English version of *Ninety-Three*, published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is from the pen of Mr. FRANK LEE BENEDICT, author of *My Daughter Elinor*, *Miss Van Kortland*, and *Miss Dorothy's Charge*. It is done with great skill, and, as a faithful and spirited reproduction of the author's style, will rank as a masterpiece of translation.

BLEEDING FROM THE LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.:

Dear Sir,—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, '72, becoming nearly worn out with excessive Editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, *having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, '73, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite *improved*, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no Cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands, knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise. Gratefully yours,

WM. H. SPENCER.

P. O. Box 507, Rochester, N. Y.

In another letter Mr. Spencer says: "I have had a remarkable experience. Those familiar with my past illness look upon my present condition of health as an almost miraculous restoration. The physician who treated me during a part of my illness, and who is probably the best surgeon and old school physician in this city, said to me, last summer, that 'according to the usual course of things, a man in the condition you were in a year ago ought to have died.'" Those who are inclined to be skeptical and who may doubt the authenticity of Mr. Spencer's testimonial, will have their skepticism removed by addressing a short note to him. I hope no one, however, will annoy him with long letters as although he feels very grateful for his restoration to health and is willing to aid in spreading the glad tidings of relief to other sufferers from Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, yet if one out of a thousand who read this testimonial should write him a letter asking an answer, he would find little time to do any thing else than write replies. I hope, therefore, any who do write him will say but few words, and not forget to *enclose a postage stamp* for a reply, or you can not expect him to answer.

—[*Com.*] R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

A VERY important step in medical science is the plan for administering the most nauseous medicines without offending the senses. Many valuable medicines are extremely obnoxious, and some patients prefer to take the chance of dying, rather than repeatedly swallow them. The best method yet devised to overcome the nauseous taste of tar, turpentine, castor oil, cod-liver oil, etc., is that of Capsules, by which the odor is entirely confined and the medicament conveyed into the stomach without the knowledge, so to speak, of the tongue, palate, or throat. Thus Castor Oil, the safest and most valuable of all known purgatives, can be taken agreeably and easily by adult or child. The Capsules made by DUNDAS DICK & Co. are said to be superior to all others. They contain genuine medicines, are free from every objection, and, having obtained the recognition of the medical profession, are now the only Capsules prescribed by physicians. DUNDAS DICK & Co. use more Oil of Sandalwood in one variety of their Capsules than all other dealers combined. It is a most valuable remedy for the diseases for which it is used. They are put up in an elegant manner, expressly for the prescription Trade, and the improved style has so greatly increased the demand, both at home and abroad, that their circulars are now printed in English, French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese, and their superiority over all others is universally conceded.—*N. Y. Herald*, Dec. 14, 1873.

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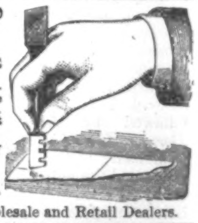

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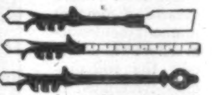

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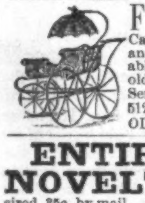

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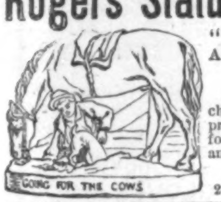

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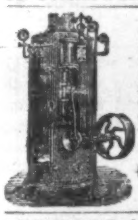

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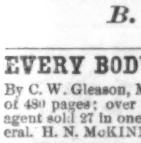

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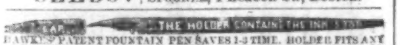

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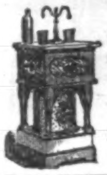

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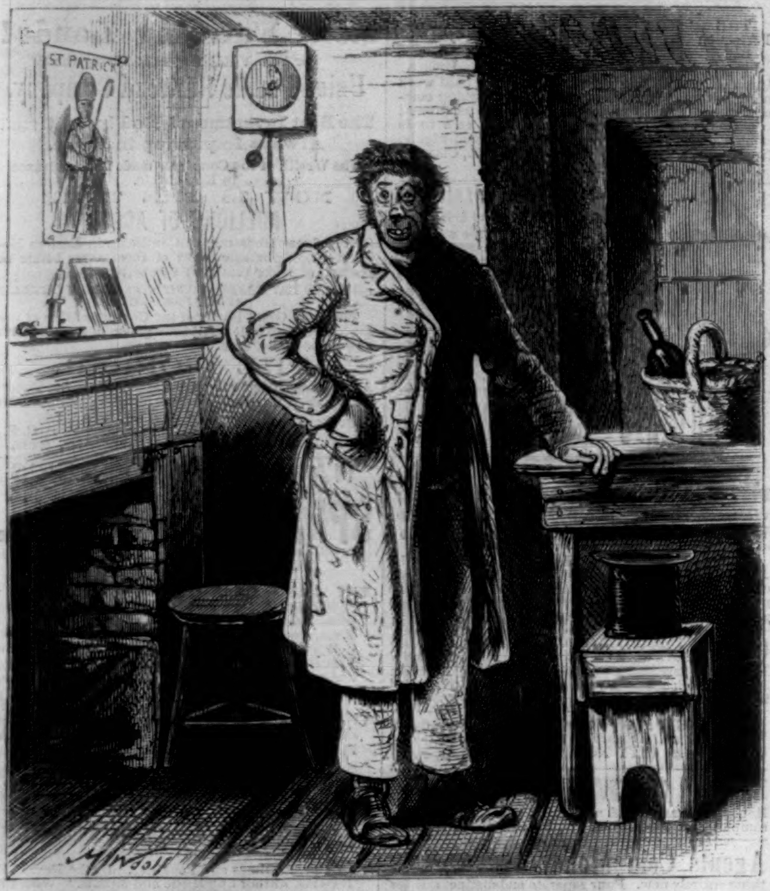

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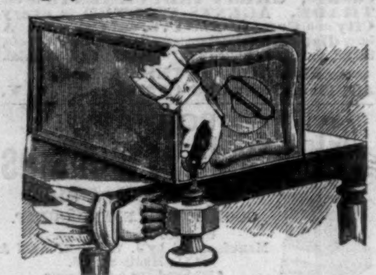

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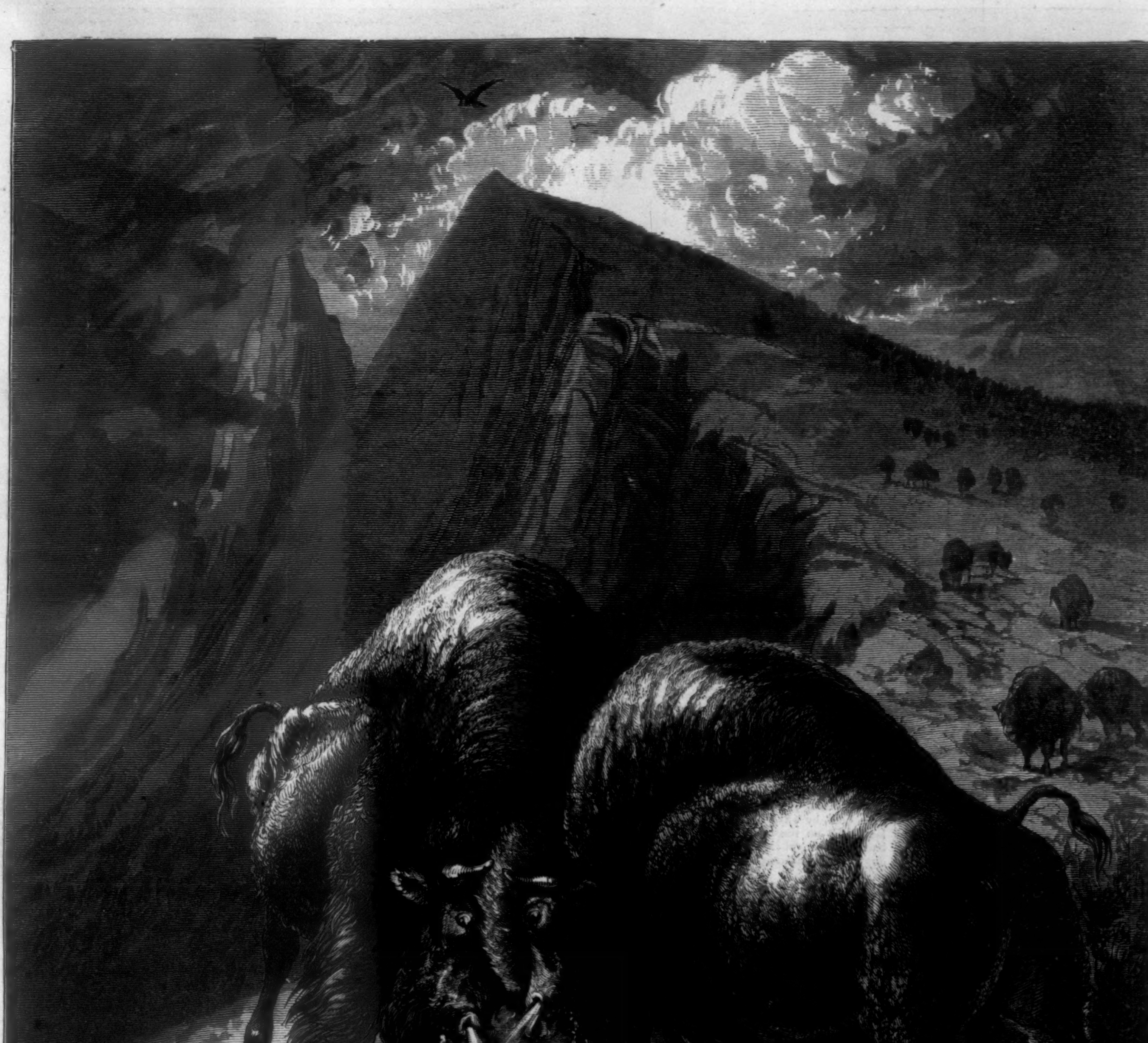

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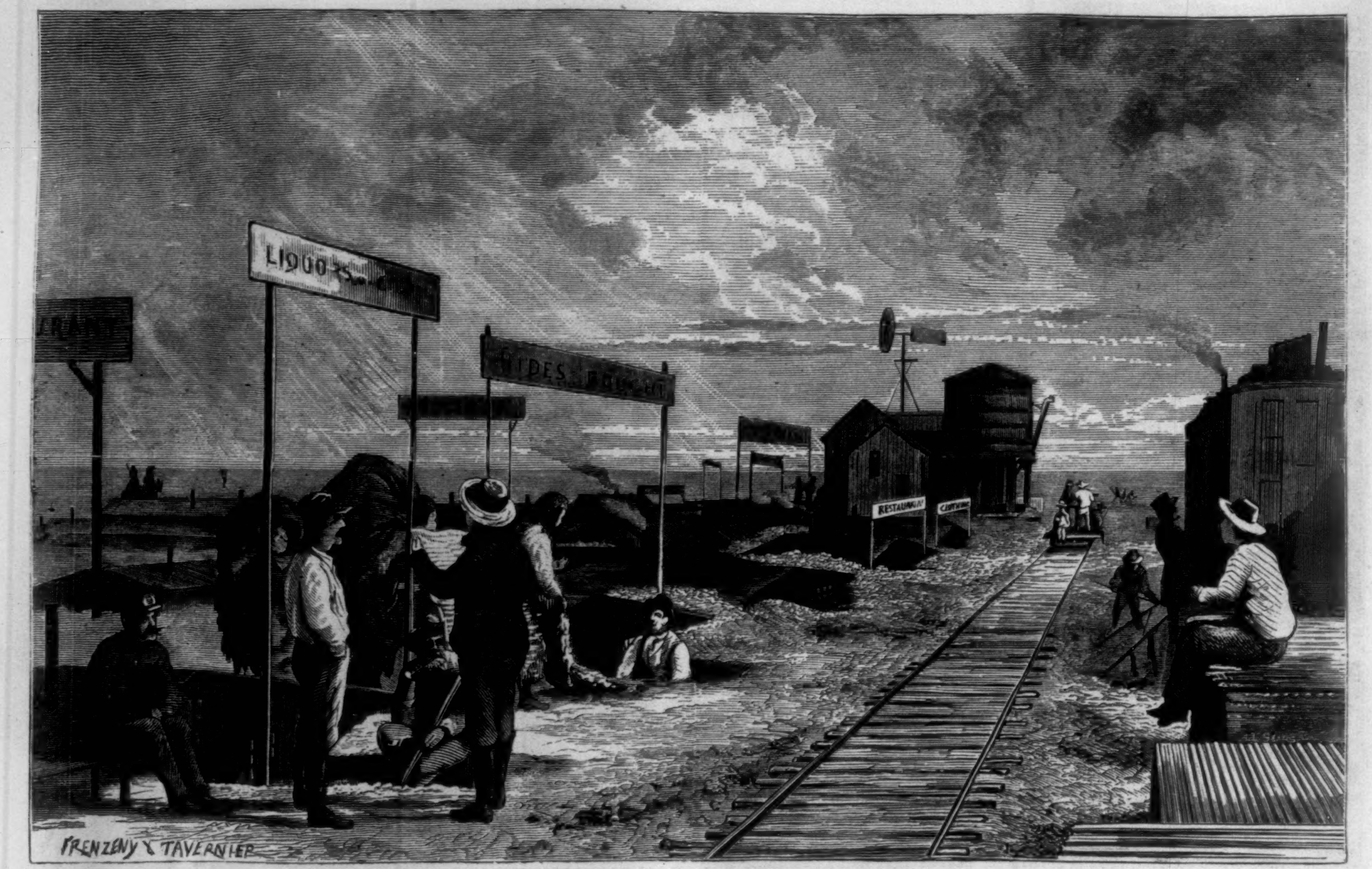

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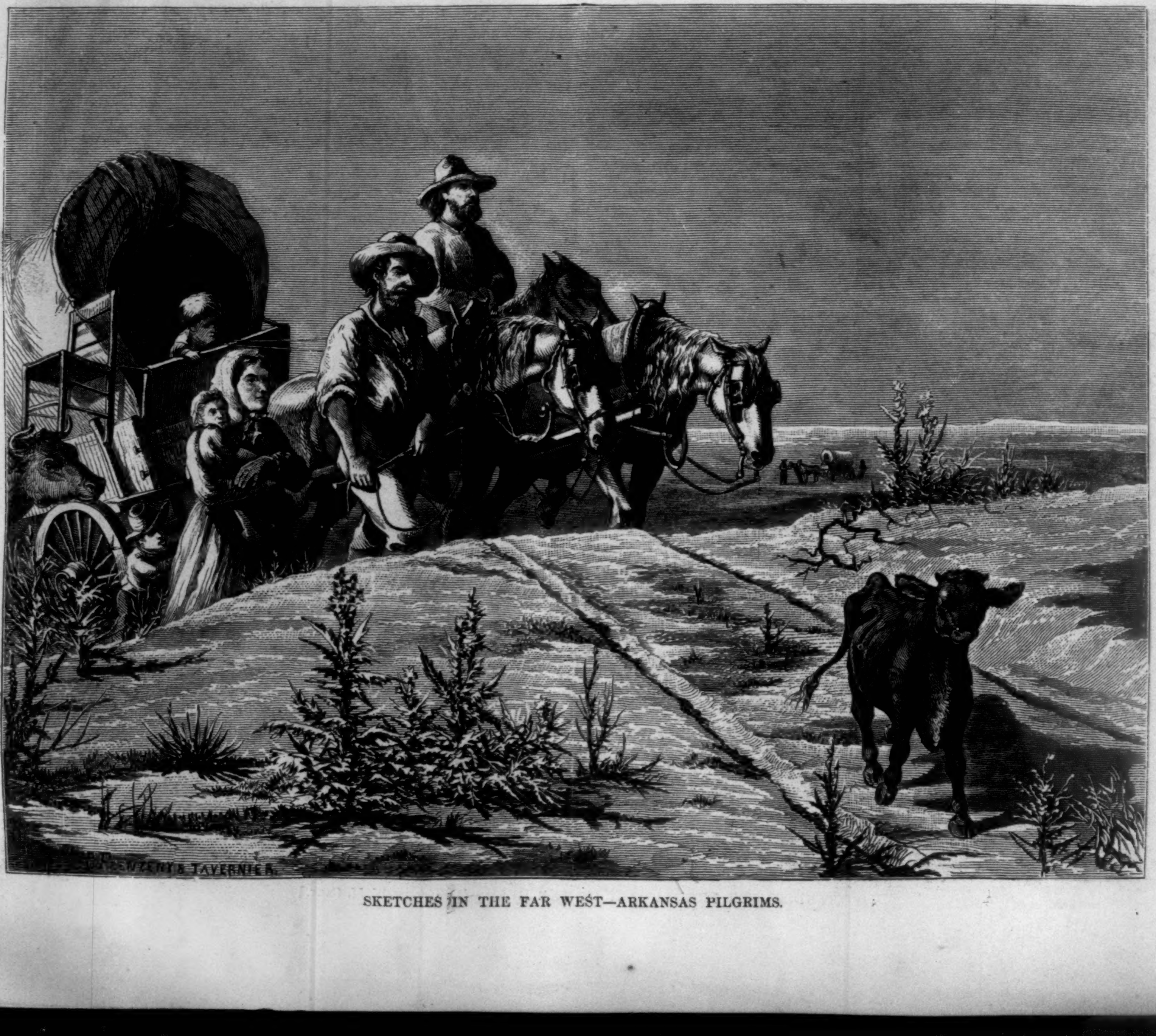

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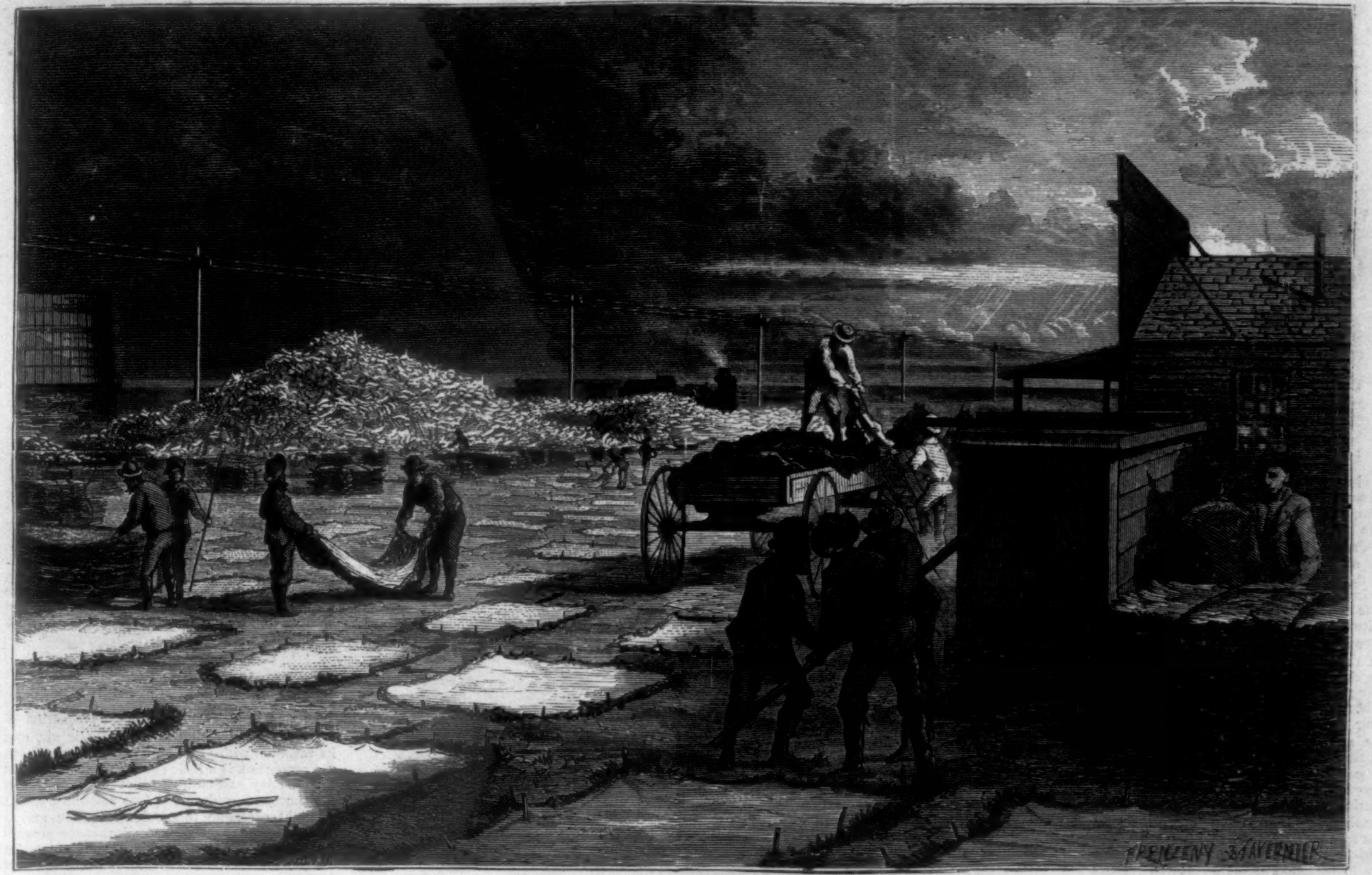

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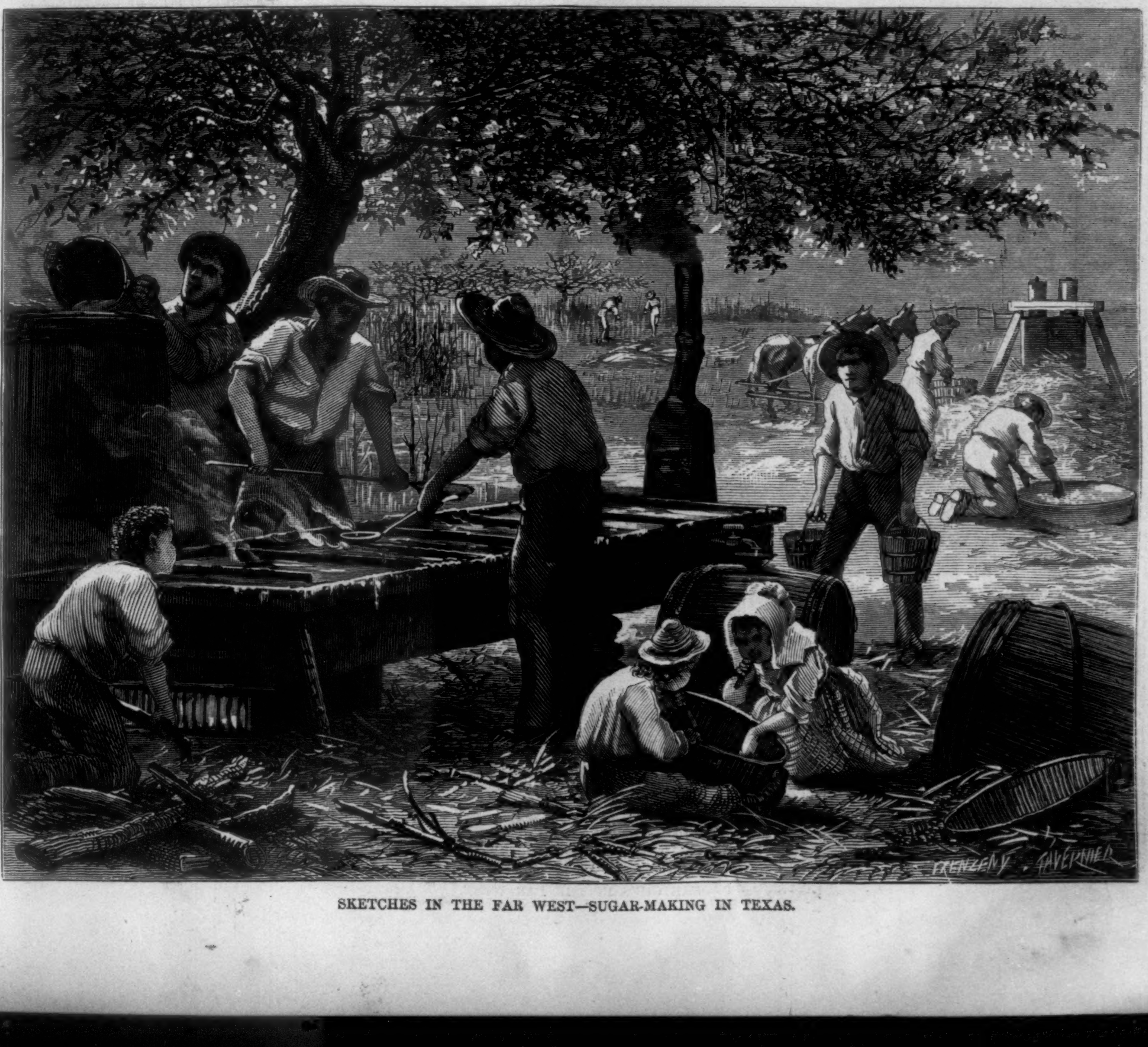

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